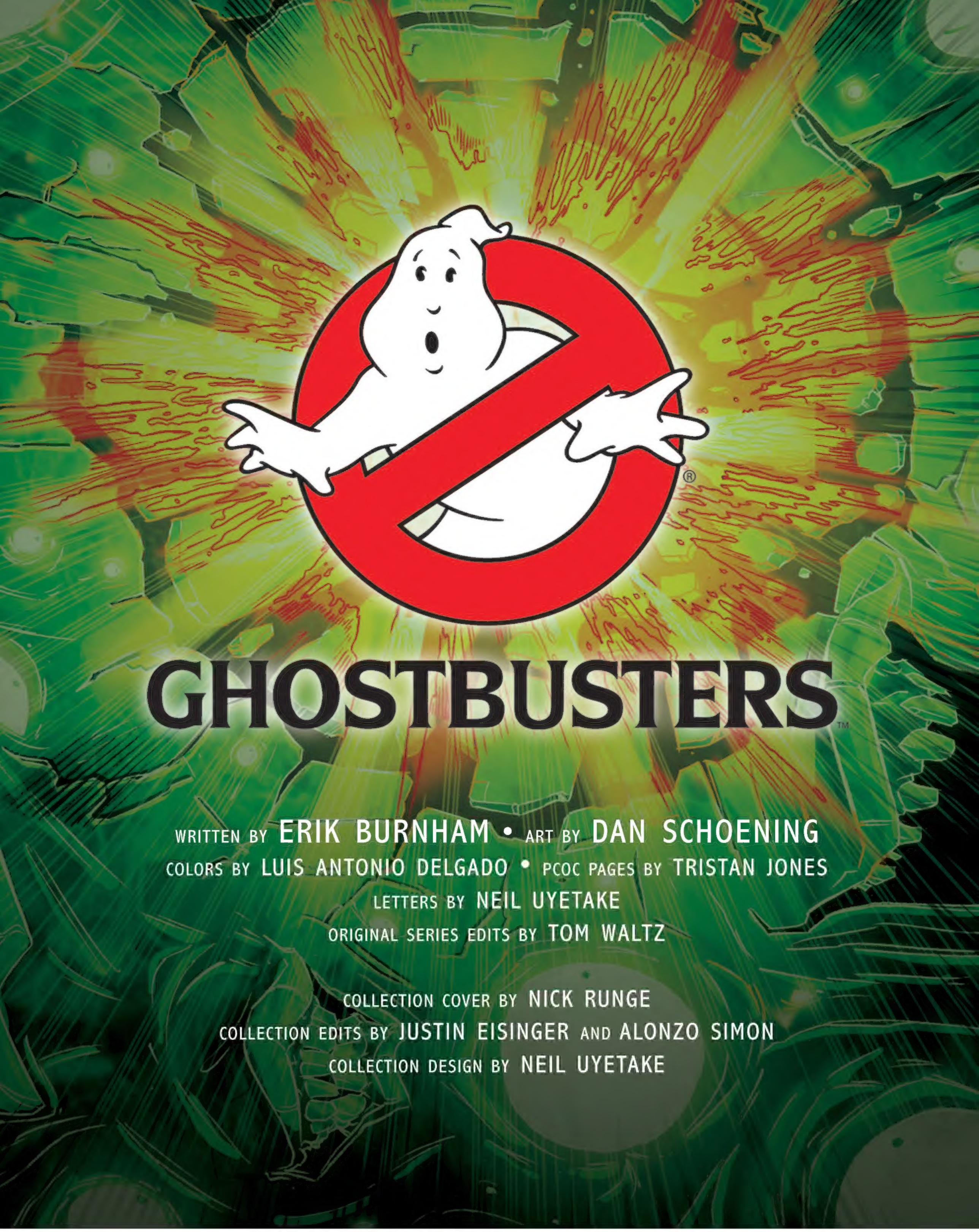
GHOSTBUSTERS™

VOLUME 2

BURNHAM • SCHOENING • JONES • DELGADO



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I AM VERY MUCH AFRAID OF NO GHOSTS

June 8th, 1984. A typically humid New Jersey evening. My dad asked if I wanted to go to Middletown Movies and see a movie called *GHOSTBUSTERS*. It was opening that night, and my dad thought it looked funny.

I thought it looked horrific.

Yes, it had a bunch of people that I had seen be funny in other movies, and on *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*. But this movie looked scary. Full disclosure: back then, EVERYTHING looked scary to me. I was a wuss. I kid you not, I didn't sleep the night I saw *E.T.* because, well, we did NOT treat him well while he was here, and he had the power to get revenge if he wanted. If you asked me what *RETURN OF THE JEDI* was about, I'd say, "The first forty minutes or so looked a lot like the palms of my hands, but then they team up with teddy bears and it gets fun."

But my dad REALLY wanted to see *GHOSTBUSTERS*. "What about THIS movie?" I asked, pointing to an ad in the *Asbury Park Press* for *THE NATURAL*. "It has the guy from *THE STING PART ONE* that you like, and it's about baseball, which you're always trying to get me to play."

My dad promised me that nothing REALLY scary will happen. So we went, sat through a trailer for *THE KARATE KID* (people were into it, but then laughed REALLY HARD at the title). And then, the Columbia Pictures logo, with eerie music behind it. The librarian lady walking up and down aisles as cards went flying, and then running and screaming and growling and glowing and… WHAT THE HELL WERE WE WATCHING?! Title comes on, what seems to be a chorus of little children happily singing "GHOSTBUSTERS"—did they NOT SEE the glowing growling thing in the library?!

"HEY… we only missed a few minutes of *THE NATURAL*. Probably easy to catch up, title helps out, the dude's a natural at baseball, let's go."

Dad didn't budge. I was frustrated, scared…

And then I met Peter Venkman.

Now I'd seen Billy Murray before. He was always awesome, always hilarious. But THIS was a new Bill Murray. This guy was cool. This guy laughed in the face of science and responsibility. THIS IS HOW I WISH I COULD BE!

Soon thereafter, we met Ray Stantz, and Egon Spengler, and things only got cooler. Ray's wide-eyed excitement, along with Egon's ice-cold analyzing of anything supernatural really put me at ease. In fact, they had me rooting for things to get horrific. For things to get REALLY dark. So when the librarian ghost came back and Large Marge-ed her big scary face at us, fine, yes, bring it. The hands through the chair grabbing Sigourney Weaver? Poor Rick Moranis running for his life? The zombie cab driver? Great, stack up the evil. Because the scarier it was, the more fun it was going to be when the Ghostbusters faced off against them.

And don't get me started on Winston. To me, he represented, well… me. I'm lily white and not a tenth as cool as Ernie Hudson, but here was a guy who just… showed up, and got to hang out with the three coolest characters I've ever seen in a movie. Not only that, he HELD HIS OWN. He HELPED. And to top it off, he told Ray about saying yes to being a God! He loves this town!

After the movie, of course I didn't sleep. It still freaked me out and I didn't have ANY of the tools the Ghostbusters did. But the next morning, I combed all my tapes of *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* for commercials of the movie and showed them to my friends and my grandparents. I bought the album (yes, album… on vinyl). I bought two t-shirts, one with just the ghost logo, the other proclaiming that people should in fact back off because, yes, I was a Ghostbuster (not the line in the movie, but I didn't care).

The love of all things *'Busters* has influenced my film and comic writing greatly. And said love has never subsided—I loved the cartoon, liked the sequel, saw any movie that SOMEWHAT resembled *GHOSTBUSTERS* (this led to a fairly disappointing night at the movies involving John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot as psychic detectives). Taped *EXTREME GHOSTBUSTERS* (they didn't seem that extreme, but who am I to judge?). Have all the action figures. Played the fantastic video game. Read all the news on the Internet about a *Part III*. Watched a bunch of fan-made fake trailers for said three-quel.

And the comics. Oh, the comics. I am not lying when I say I have read every comic book that has had the *GHOSTBUSTERS* title on it. I even consider the issue of *X-FACTOR* with Angel crossed out in a red circle to be an unofficial tie-in. And with very few exceptions, I liked them. Because they were the ONLY chance to see new stories involving these characters. But they weren't always… right. Sometimes they were TOO serious. Other times, TOO goofy. Sometimes the Ray voice was dead-on but Venkman wasn't funny enough. Or he was TOO funny, bordering on stupid.

I started thinking of what I'D do if the planets aligned and I got to do a *GHOSTBUSTERS* comic. I might not be as talented a writer as Ackroyd or Ramis, but I was pretty sure I knew how to tell a *GHOSTBUSTERS* story.

And then I started reading IDW's *GHOSTBUSTERS* ongoing series. Aaaaand… I officially have no desire to do a *GHOSTBUSTERS* book. Because this book… is perfect. It's the right amount of scary and funny. This book is beautiful to look at, but also downright gnarly when things have to go dark. There are real stakes, and the characters are smart enough to come up with real solutions to the problems at hand. And the more dark things get, writer Erik Burnham makes darn certain the more fun it is. Because just like in that first movie, Venkman will say something funny, Ray will look at it with wide-eyed enthusiasm, Spengler will be immediately figuring out a solution, and Zeddemore will be the eyes and voice of the everyman, here to help.

And because it's an ongoing series, we get downtime with our characters. We get to HANG OUT with them, when they're off-duty. They're fully fleshed out, living, breathing people. Only—added bonus!—they're a comic book, drawn by Dan Schoening and colored by Luis Antonio Delgado better than we've ever seen them before. Throw in the awesome extras by Tristan Jones into the mix and, yeah… perfect.

In my opinion, this creative team is not just putting out one of the best comics on a monthly basis, they're telling the best *GHOSTBUSTERS* stories since the first movie.

It was an honor to be asked to write this intro. It's a collection of characters I love, in stories that are worthy of them. But the best part about writing the intro? I'll get a few free copies of the collected edition, and I can give one to my Dad.

I know he'll absolutely love it.

Brian Lynch
May 2012

Brian Lynch is the acclaimed screenwriter and comic book writer of such titles as HOP, PUSS IN BOOTS, ANGEL, SPIKE, *and* TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES.

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE DEPT.
Our story begins...

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EDITS BY TOM WALTZ

STORY SO FAR:
SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, WALTER PECK PULLED THE MAJORITY OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS' PERMITS TO PENALIZE THEM FOR EXPLODING MR. STAY PUFT IN A MORE SPECTACULAR FASHION THAN EVER BEFORE AND CAUSING SNOWSTORM-LIKE DAMAGES TO THE CITY. AS A RESULT, THEY'VE BEEN ALL BUT SHUT DOWN, ONLY ABLE TO RESPOND TO PCOC-ASSIGNED AND -APPROVED CALLS UNTIL SUCH TIME AS PECK DEEMS THEM FIT TO RETURN TO BUSINESS AS USUAL...

COVER CHECKLIST

COVER A
ART BY DAN SCHOENING
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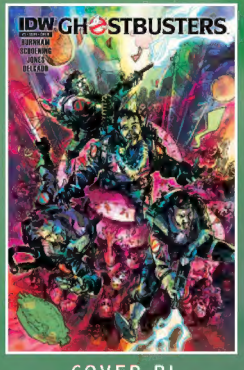
LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

COVER B
ART BY NICK RUNGE



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ART BY JOSE HOLDER

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FANTASTIC LAND.
JUST OUTSIDE SCHENECTADY, NY.
I'M SO EXCITED! THANK YOU SO MUCH, MOMMY!
YOU'RE WELCOME, HONEY.
SHANDOR SODA SHOPPE
OH! OH, MOMMY! LOOKIT! LOOKIT!

THAT'S SO COOL, MOM! I WANT A BALLOON ANIMAL! CAN I GET ONE?
MAYBE YOU SHOULD ASK YOUR FATHER.
HE'LL JUST SAY TO ASK YOU!
Conrad's Chocolates
TOLD YOU HE WAS GIFTED.
PLEASE, MOMMY!
OH... FINE.
AWESOME!
WELL, HEY, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
LOOKS LIKE A GIRAFFE TO ME!
COOL!
PRETTY NEAT, SCOTT!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, MR. CLOWN—CAN WE GET A PICTURE?

I THINK WE CAN—
SURPE
—I THINK WE CAN MANAGE THAT...
ARE YOU SURE? YOU... ACTUALLY LOOK A LITTLE GREEN.
NO, I'M FINE, I—GLDP!
SKRAAAW!

EEK!
SKREEEE
WHAT THE—?!
ARRGH!
SKRAAW!
HRRRGGMMPH!
SKREEEE

SCOTT! COME TO MOMMY! DON'T BE SCARED!
HMMMMMRRRPHH
SCOTTY?
NO.
THERE IS NO SCOTTY.

MANHATTAN.
THIS SUCKS.
Collins Books
WHO DOES THAT BEARDED WEASEL THINK HE IS TO SAY I GOTTA DROP TEN POUNDS BEFORE I CAN SHOOT AT GHOSTS WITH A LASER?
AT LEAST THE CITY IS PAYING FOR OUR GYM MEMBERSHIPS.
YES, AND THAT COMPLETELY EASES MY SUFFERING. THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
I'M JUST SAYING, THE FACT THAT HE CAN HIT US WITH RESTRICTIONS BASED ON ARBITRARY PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS? MAYBE WE SHOULDA LOOKED A LITTLE CLOSER AT THE FINE PRINT ON THAT CITY CONTRACT.
I BELIEVE YOU WERE THE ONE WHO PUSHED TO SIGN IT.
WELL, IT WAS A GUARANTEED RETAINER...

Y'KNOW SPENGS, I'D'A FIGURED YOU'D BE PUTTING UP MORE OF A FUSS OVER THIS GET-HEALTHY THING—THOSE CUPCAKES YOU INHALE CAN'T BE GOOD FOR YOU.
MY TRIGLYCERIDES ARE PERFECT.
WHY MUST YOU HAVE AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING?
Ballard Wright
I'M A SCIENTIST, PETER. IT'S MY RAISON D'ETRE.
OHMYGOD, IS THAT HIM?!
IT SO IS!
OH, DON'T YOU DROP THE FRENCH ON ME, JACK. I'LL—
GADO'S
DR. SPENGLER! DR. SPENGLER, WAIT!
HUH?
OHMIGOD, DR. SPENGLER, I CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY RAN INTO YOU, YOU'RE JUST SO... OHMIGOD, COULD I PLEASEPLEASEPLEASE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?
GEEZ, TAKE A BREATH.
CASEY J'S
Coffee and Books

!
THERE YOU GO.
Coffee
Law Offices of
Ballard Wright
WHAT THE—?
EXPLAIN.
NO.
C'MON, YOU CAN'T JUST LET THAT PASS.
OF COURSE I—

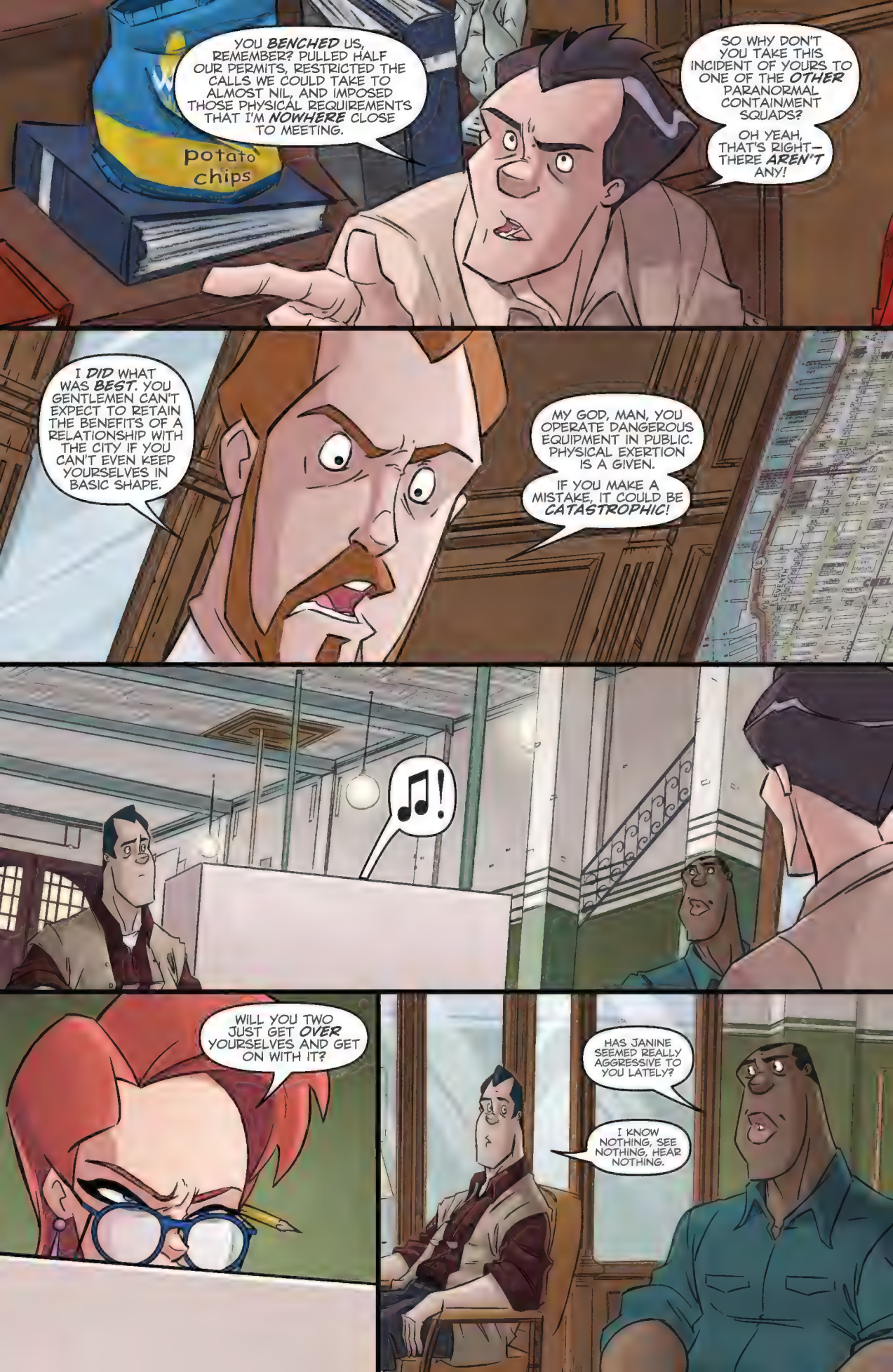
—IT CAN'T BE!
CASEY 55
Coffee
IT CAN'T BE WHAT?
EXCUSE ME, YOU THERE! STOP!
HEY, WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING, JERK!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE—?
WATCH IT!
WHERE IS HE?
DON'T TELL ME—
EH?
—ATTRACTING STRANGE WOMEN, ROUSTING CROWDS... HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING WITH PHEROMONES AGAIN? BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN WARNED ABOUT THAT.
I JUST... I THOUGHT I SAW—
WALDO, RIGHT? YOU'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME. C'MON, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE THE CROWD TURNS. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK IN THAT LADY'S EYE.

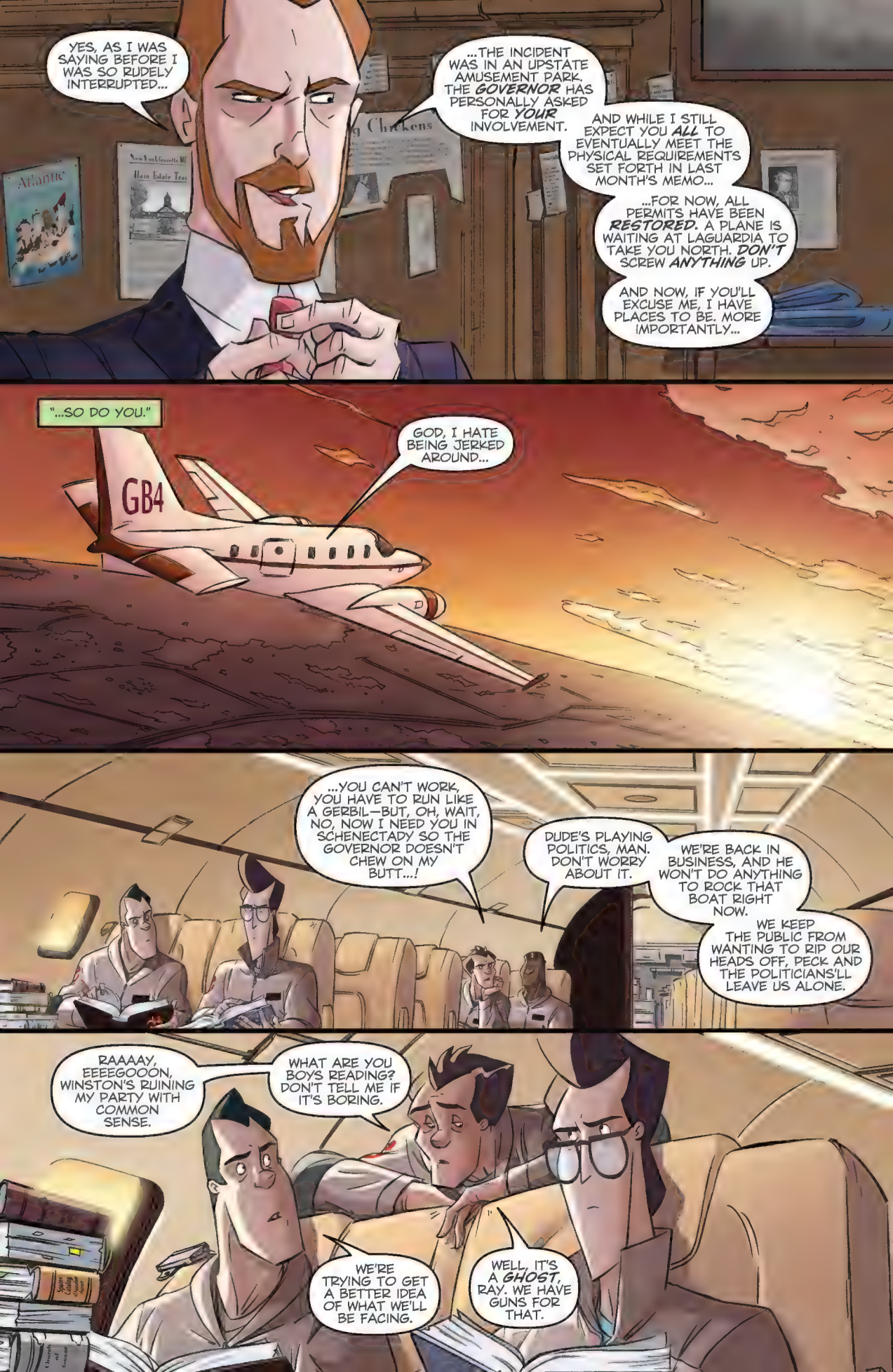
SCHENECTADY.
ROLLERCOASTER
JUST WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, NEAL?
WELL, NOW, WE THOUGHT IT WAS SOME KINDA BOMB THREAT OR SOME SUCH—

SO THE BOMB SQUAD'S IN THERE?
NAW, BAV—LET ME FINISH BEFORE YOU START ASKIN' QUESTIONS. THE PARK WAS CLEARED OUT, VISITORS AND EMPLOYEES BOTH, BY A SWARM OF BATS. 'LEAST THAT'S THE STORY WE GOT SO FAR.
BEFORE THE BOMB SQUAD COULD ARRIVE ON SCENE, THAT GREEN FORCE FIELD WENT UP.
"FORCE FIELD?" YOU WATCH TOO MUCH OF THAT SCI-FI CRAP.
IT'S IMPENETRABLE GREEN LIGHT, MAN, WHAT ELSE YOU GON' CALL IT?
GO AWAY! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

RAY'S OCCULT BOOKS
OCCULT BOOKS
OH, C'MON, PLEASE...
SALE 50%
NO.
BUT YOU GOTTA!
NO, I DON'T, DR. STANTZ—
—HERE YOU ARE, SIR, AND THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING RAY'S OCCULT—
—YOU HIRED ME TO RUN THIS STORE, NOT LOOK FOR LOOPHOLES IN CITY CONTRACTS.
UM, CAN'T YOU DO BOTH?
I CAN, BUT I DON'T WANT TO. DOC, I'M HAPPY TO RESEARCH GHOSTIES FOR YOU, BUT IF I WANTED TO SIFT THROUGH A MOUNTAIN OF LEGALESE, I'D WORK FOR A LAWYER.
BESIDES, DON'T YOU HAVE A SECRETARY FOR THIS KINDA—
BRRRRAING
WHEW!
RAY'S OCCULT.
JANINE, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! KYLIE AND I WERE JUST—UH-HUH. UH-HUH. WELL THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS, BUT, ARE YOU SURE WE CAN—YEAH? OKAY. YEP, I'LL BE THERE SOON.
PROBLEM SOLVED?
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL FIND OUT.

LATER.
WELL, NOW THAT YOU'RE *FINALLY* ALL HERE...
...MAYBE WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
HEY, WHADDAYA WANT FROM ME? I WAS BUSY LOSING TEN POUNDS.
THAT'S JUST THE ATTITUDE I'D EXPECT FROM YOU, *MISTER* VENKMAN. WASTING EVERYONE'S TIME WITH POINTLESS JIBES.
DR VENKMAN
SO MAYBE YOU DON'T FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE, AND TELL US WHAT'S SO *URGENT* THAT YOU'RE HERE.
VERY WELL— *AHEM.* EARLIER TODAY, THERE WAS AN INCIDENT IN—
NOT OUR PROBLEM.
PARDON *ME?*


YOU BENCHED US, REMEMBER? PULLED HALF OUR PERMITS, RESTRICTED THE CALLS WE COULD TAKE TO ALMOST NIL, AND IMPOSED THOSE PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THAT I'M NOWHERE CLOSE TO MEETING.
potato chips
SO WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THIS INCIDENT OF YOURS TO ONE OF THE OTHER PARANORMAL CONTAINMENT SQUADS?
OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT— THERE AREN'T ANY!
I DID WHAT WAS BEST. YOU GENTLEMEN CAN'T EXPECT TO RETAIN THE BENEFITS OF A RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CITY IF YOU CAN'T EVEN KEEP YOURSELVES IN BASIC SHAPE.
MY GOD, MAN, YOU OPERATE DANGEROUS EQUIPMENT IN PUBLIC. PHYSICAL EXERTION IS A GIVEN.
IF YOU MAKE A MISTAKE, IT COULD BE CATASTROPHIC!
♫!
WILL YOU TWO JUST GET OVER YOURSELVES AND GET ON WITH IT?
HAS JANINE SEEMED REALLY AGGRESSIVE TO YOU LATELY?
I KNOW NOTHING, SEE NOTHING, HEAR NOTHING.


YES, AS I WAS SAYING BEFORE I WAS SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED...
...THE INCIDENT WAS IN AN UPSTATE AMUSEMENT PARK. THE GOVERNOR HAS PERSONALLY ASKED FOR YOUR INVOLVEMENT.
AND WHILE I STILL EXPECT YOU ALL TO EVENTUALLY MEET THE PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS SET FORTH IN LAST MONTH'S MEMO...
...FOR NOW, ALL PERMITS HAVE BEEN RESTORED. A PLANE IS WAITING AT LAGUARDIA TO TAKE YOU NORTH. DON'T SCREW ANYTHING UP.
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE PLACES TO BE. MORE IMPORTANTLY...
"...SO DO YOU."
GB4
GOD, I HATE BEING JERKED AROUND...
...YOU CAN'T WORK, YOU HAVE TO RUN LIKE A GERBIL—BUT, OH, WAIT, NO, NOW I NEED YOU IN SCHENECTADY SO THE GOVERNOR DOESN'T CHEW ON MY BUTT...!
DUDE'S PLAYING POLITICS, MAN. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS, AND HE WON'T DO ANYTHING TO ROCK THAT BOAT RIGHT NOW.
WE KEEP THE PUBLIC FROM WANTING TO RIP OUR HEADS OFF, PECK AND THE POLITICIANS'LL LEAVE US ALONE.
RAAAAY, EEEEGOOON, WINSTON'S RUINING MY PARTY WITH COMMON SENSE.
WHAT ARE YOU BOYS READING? DON'T TELL ME IF IT'S BORING.
WE'RE TRYING TO GET A BETTER IDEA OF WHAT WE'LL BE FACING.
WELL, IT'S A GHOST, RAY. WE HAVE GUNS FOR THAT.

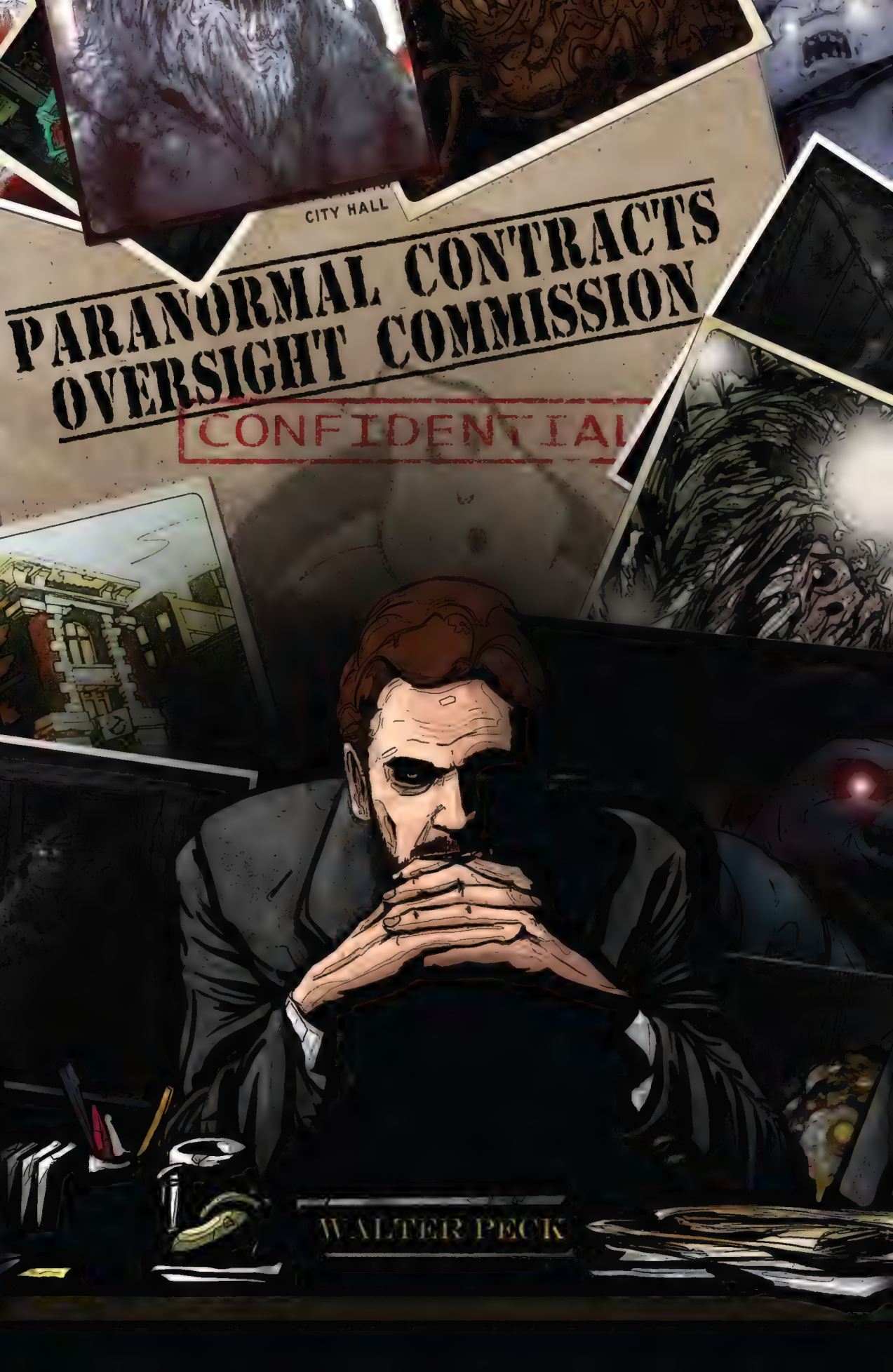
WE'VE GOTTEN A FEW CLIPPED NOTES TAKEN BY LOCAL P.D., BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S PERTINENT. BATS? A GLOWING WALL?
SO WE HAVE TERRITORIALITY AND LESSER SPECTRAL CONSTRUCTS.
THAT ONLY NARROWS IT DOWN TO LITTLE MORE THAN A DOZEN POSSIBILITIES. IF WE KNEW WHETHER OR NOT POSSESSION WAS INVOLVED, WE COULD HALVE THAT NUMBER.
AND THESE BOOKS ARE JUST THE BASICS. I HAVE KYLIE DOING SOME MORE IN-DEPTH RESEARCH BACK AT THE STORE, JUST IN CASE. SHE'LL CALL MY MOBILE IF SHE FINDS ANYTHING IMPORTANT.
DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK, PETER. WE DON'T WANT TO GO IN BLIND IF WE DON'T HAVE TO.
YOU BOYS HAVE FUN WITH YOUR HOMEWORK. I'M GONNA SEE IF I CAN'T RUSTLE UP SOME PEANUTS BEFORE WE LAND.
OH! HONEY-ROASTED, IF YOU FIND ANY!

SCHENECTADY.
WELL, HUH.
LOOKS LIKE THINGS MAY BE A LITTLE BIT CRAZIER UP HERE THAN I THOUGHT.
YOU DON'T SAY.
SO HOW ARE WE PROCEE—WAIT NOW, DID YOU DO SOMETHING TO THE PACKS? THEY FEEL LIGHTER.
I REMOVED THE COOLING COVERS. TURNS OUT THEY PRESENTED SOMETHING OF A CANCER RISK.
MORE THAN THE PACKS ALONE? WHAT WERE THEY—YOU KNOW WHAT? NO. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
HOW ARE WE GETTING PAST THAT WALL?
OF COURSE.
HOPE YOU'VE ADJUSTED THE YIELD.

BEEP BEEP BEEP
SKREEEEEEEEEE
SHAKKAKKAZOOM
SKREEEEEEEEEE
SKREEEEEEEEEE
OKAY, BOYS, KEEP SHARP. THIS IS A BIG PLACE... NO TELLING WHAT WE'RE GONNA—

WOW, LOOK AT THIS! THIS IS GREAT!
—COME ACROSS.
THIS IS MY KINGDOM. YOU HAVE CAUSED ME PAIN. GET OUT!
NO CAN DO, CHIEF. YOU'RE LIMITING THE ENTERTAINMENT OPTIONS OF HUNDREDS, PERHAPS THOUSANDS, OF LOYAL TAXPAYERS HERE.
WHICH MEANS THE GUY IN THE BIG CHAIR CARED ENOUGH TO BRING IN THE BEST. SURRENDER NOW AND POINT EGON TO THE COTTON CANDY, WE'LL GO EASY ON YOU. WHADDAYASAY?

IF YOU WILL NOT LEAVE, THEN YOU WILL STAY...
RRRUMPRR!
RRRUMPRR!
KROSH
WHAT THE—?
...FOREVER!
TO BE CONTINUED!


CITY HALL
PARANORMAL CONTRACTS
OVERSIGHT COMMISSION
CONFIDENTIAL
WALTER PECK

Artie Lester
"What in Sam Hain Just Happened?" ?!
Sarcasty Ray ?!
is the best you
d come up with?
now banned from
HIS SECR
rs With Magic
DETROIT, Nov. 1.- (B
mysterious feats of
out the world in his life,
death. The magician, ha
of them all, has vanished
with him all the secrets
he escaped from manacle
and other cont

Agency | OHI

FILE No. : #F377

FIELD REPORT

CLIENT:	Artie Lester	INVESTIGATORS:	Venk
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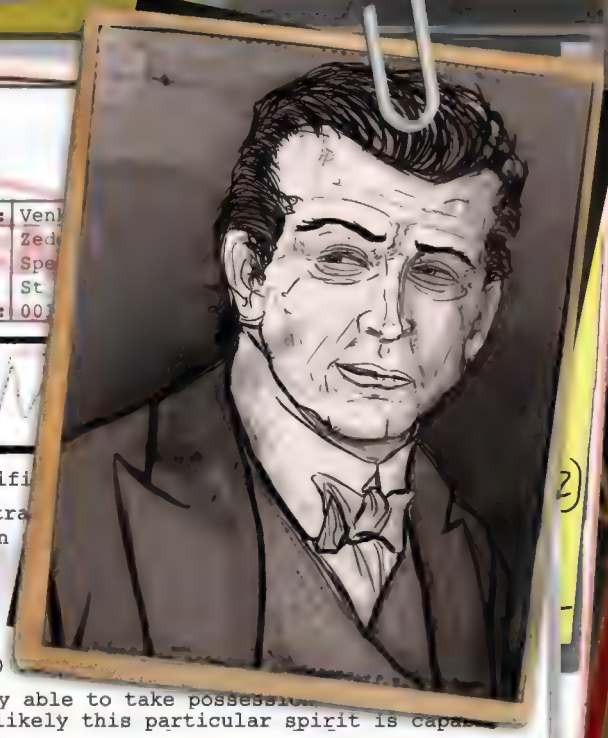
	East Hampton, NY		Spe
CONTACT:	555 - 3467		St
	(Lester Productions)	TRAP SERIAL #:	00



NAME (IF APPLICABLE): Samuel "Sam" Hain
(born Samuel Henslowe)

ENTITY: Ghost

CLASSIFICATION: Class VI Full Torso Transmogrifi

TYPE: Anchored terminal repeater displaying tra
PKE transferral abilities often only found in
Class III Psychopomp entities.

Psycho-what?

PKR FREQUENCY: 4.53 gw

eV COUNT: 646.2 - 687.7 EeV (6689 200 000 000

NOTABLE ABILITIES: Largely unknown. Reportedly able to take possessi
objects, but given the readings it's highly likely this particular spirit is capa
of possessing simple minded corporeal entities.

- Was able to create a rift between this world and the spirit world through use of concentrated ectoplasm, similar to the caustic black ectoplasm discovered during the "Shandor" incident (ref: case file #C102). This may have been assisted by the spike in latent PKE often found during Halloween.

Send files

- Ectoplasmic gateway did not appear caustic and according to witness (Miss Janine Melnitz), took significant time to bridge dimensions.

KNOWN HISTORY:

- Samuel Hain was born Samuel Henslowe on March 24, 1874. After adopting the stage name "Sam Hain" (after "Samhain" -- a Celtic witch-god worshipped largely by practitioners of black magic in the Middle Ages), Hain became a world-renowned illusionist and magician, specializing in death defying escape routines and shocking magic acts (many reports suggest Hain may have dabbled in witchcraft on numerous occasions).

evidence?

Hain's interest in the occult was no secret. After stepping away from show business, Hain set about defrauding what were then wildly popular public séances, often hosted by fake mediums taking advantage of the wealthy and superstitious. Hain famously purchased the home of Jonathon Tobin (see: Tobin's Spirit Guide (file #SG1a) or Jonathon "John" Tobin (file #P012)) in 1934.

Send files

The last time Hain was seen publically was at a film premiere in 1952, when he formed a film production company with then 23-year-old up-and-coming Hollywood producer Art Lester. An extensive search of the Tobin Mansion was conducted, scouring all 71 rooms of the gigantic estate, including a number of newly discovered secret rooms, but Hain was never found.

Hain's body was found by Ghostbusters Inc. staff member Janine Melnitz (during an unauthorized investigation at the behest of Art Lester), trapped inside a cage device believed to be part of a yet-to-be-performed escape act. Forensic investigations concluded that Hain had died roughly 35 years before the discovery of his body.

WHAT?

- Though not trapped and contained, Hain willingly crossed over to the spirit world after it was decided that he be given a proper burial.

What if he comes back?

- Hain's body now rests in East Hampton Public Cemetery.

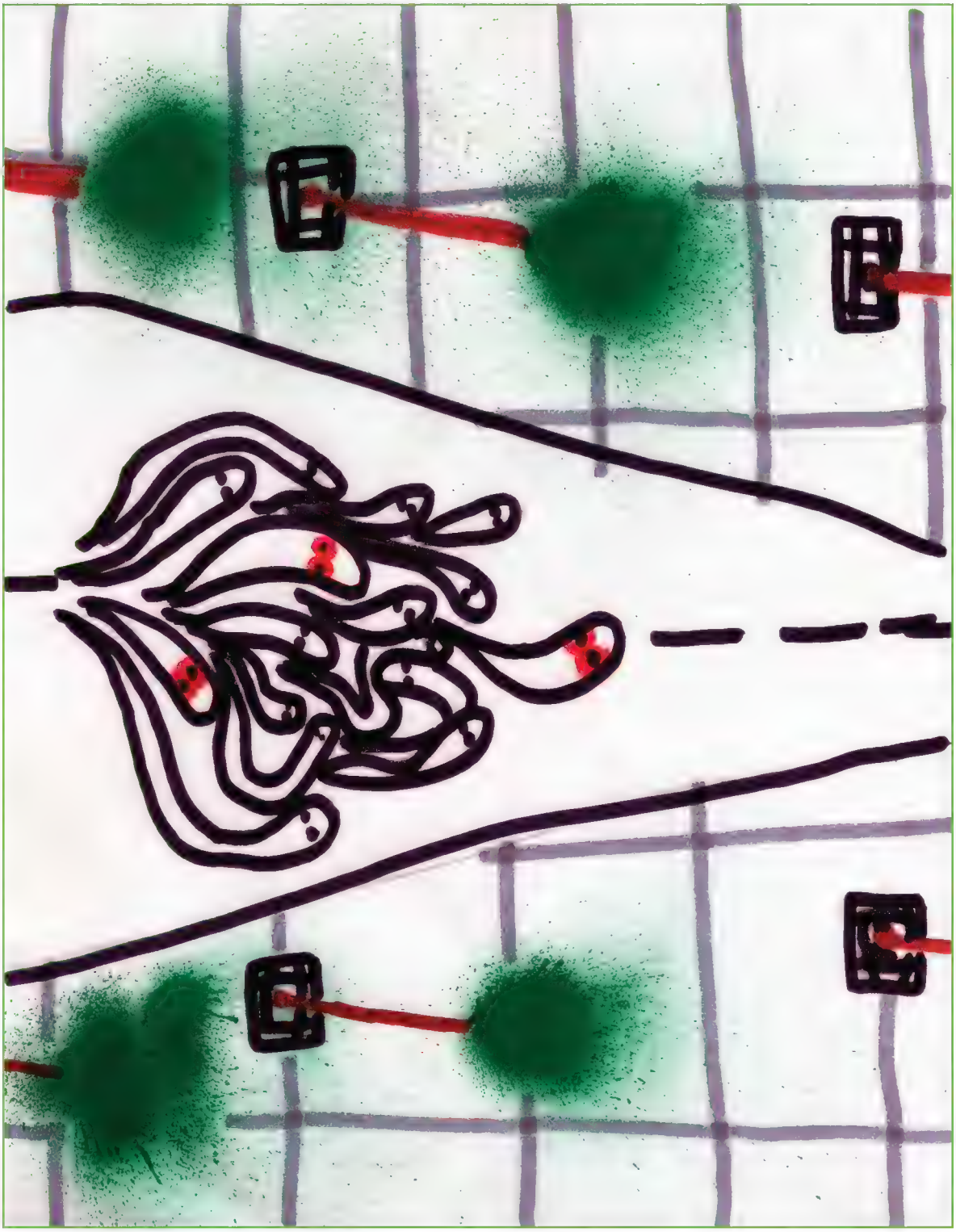
Wed. 01 3:06
S: (212) 555-6311 - - - R: (212) 55

REPORT FILED BY R. Stutz

CONCEPT DESIGNS
BY DAN SCHOENING

CONCEPT DESIGNS
BY TRISTAN JONES

FAN ART BY JULIAN STERN (9 YEARS OLD)



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ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO
PCOC PAGES BY TRISTAN JONES
LETTERS BY NEIL UYETAKE
EDITS BY TOM WALTZ

STORY SO FAR:
SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, WALTER PECK PULLED THE MAJORITY OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS' PERMITS TO PENALIZE THEM FOR EXPLODING MR. STAY PUFT IN A MORE SPECTACULAR FASHION THAN EVER BEFORE AND CAUSING SNOWSTORM-LIKE DAMAGES TO THE CITY. AS A RESULT, THEY'VE BEEN ALL BUT SHUT DOWN, ONLY ABLE TO RESPOND TO PCOC-ASSIGNED AND -APPROVED CALLS UNTIL SUCH TIME AS PECK DEEMS THEM FIT TO RETURN TO BUSINESS AS USUAL...

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COLORS BY
LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

COVER B
ART BY NICK RUNGE

COVER RI
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NEW YORK CITY.
KYLIE GRIFFIN HAS BEEN SCOURING OCCULT REFERENCE FOR THE LAST TWO AND A HALF HOURS NOW, TRYING TO COVER EVERY POSSIBLE ANGLE IN REGARDS TO MANIFESTATIONS UPSTATE.
YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT HOW EXTENSIVE THAT LIST IS—IT TOOK FORTY MINUTES JUST TO SIFT THROUGH POUGHKEEPSIE.
OCCULT BOOKS
RAY'S OCCULT BOOKS
FINALLY! THERE'S THE CONNECTION!
BRRR-CHK BRRR-CHK
OH, COME ON—PICK UP ALREADY...
CHK—GO FOR RAY.
DR. STANTZ? THIS IS KYLIE. CAN YOU HEAR ME OKAY?
AFFIRMATIVE. THE THINGS I'VE DONE TO THIS PHONE, MA BELL HERSELF COULDN'T KEEP A SIGNAL FROM ME, NOT EVEN IN SCHENECTADY.
DID YOU FIND ANYTHING ?
STANTZ

THE UPDATED BILDERBERG GUIDE MENTIONED A SIMILAR MANIFESTATION AT WOODSTOCK, RIGHT DOWN TO THE WALL AND THE BATS...
...NOT THAT THE HIPPIES NOTICED.
THE FOOTNOTES TO THAT LISTING HAD ME SCOURING THE STORE FOR SOME PRETTY OBSCURE BOOKS. I ONLY FOUND HALF OF WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR...
POWERS OF SKNESS
...BUT IT WAS ENOUGH. THIS IS A CYCLE HAUNTING, DOC. RANGES ALL OVER THE STATE, POPPING UP ROUGHLY ONCE PER GENERATION.
WHAT STARTED IT?
OH, ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES—INDIAN CURSE.
CLASSIC!
CRK
IT WAS A WHAMMY ON EUROPEAN SETTLERS—A "HUNGRY MANITOU." PRE-REVOLUTIONARY WAR, MAYBE AS EARLY AS 1616. IT POSSESSES PEOPLE AND CHOWS ON THEIR SPIRIT. THE MORE EMOTIONAL THEY ARE, THE BETTER. IT HAS A REAL SWEET TOOTH FOR GREED, TOO.
FIGURES, I GET A LAME ONE.
Much happens to the west.
ANYWAYS, DOC, THIS MANITOU THING WIPED OUT WHOLE SETTLEMENTS. THE MEDICINE MAN WHO BROUGHT IT FORTH STARTED TO REGRET THE DECISION AND TRIED TO CALL IT OFF...
...BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO COMPLETELY PULL THE PLUG. HE HAD TO CUT A DEAL—NOW IT GETS TO COME OUT, FEED, AND GOES BACK INTO HIBERNATION.
NOT IDEAL. THANKS FOR THE HARD WORK, KYLIE.

GUYS! GUYS! I THINK WE GOT A CODE REGAN!
DIDN'T WE AGREE RAY WASN'T ALLOWED TO SAY THAT IN PUBLIC?
WHAT DID MS. GRIFFIN FIND, RAY?
AN INCIDENT AT WOODSTOCK CITED IN ONE OF THE NEWER BOOKS BROUGHT HER TO A DEMON-CURSE LEVIED BY A NATIVE AMERICAN MEDICINE MAN IN THE 1600S!
WHAT HAPPENED AT WOODSTOCK?
ROCK N' ROLL HISTORY.
WHAT ABOUT THE DEMON THING? WHAT'S THE DEAL THERE?
FIVE MINUTES OF EXPLANATION LATER...
IF IT'S ABLE TO DO ALL THIS, IT'S A CLASS SIX, MINIMUM, AND ALMOST CERTAINLY FOUND A HOST. WE NEED TO SPLIT UP, SO WE CAN—
WHOA, THERE, BIG GUY. LET'S SAY WE FIND OUR POSSESSEE—WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO THEN, BLAST HIM?
WE'VE GONE OVER THIS BEFORE, PETER... POSSESSING ENTITIES CAN BE COMMUNICATED WITH. WE CAN TRY TO TALK IT INTO ABANDONING THE HOST.
AND IF HE LIKES THE REAL ESTATE TOO MUCH TO VACATE?
IN THAT CASE, YES, WE BLAST THEM. A WEAK SPREAD SHOULDN'T DO THE HOST... TOO MUCH HARM.
AND BY THAT YOU MEAN...?
SOME SHORT-TERM MEMORY LOSS AND POSSIBLE VIOLENT BOWEL EVACUATION.
...
OKAY, SO WE'LL TRY REASONING WITH THE SPOOK. GOT IT. WE'LL MEET YOU BOYS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASTLE.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN MANHATTAN...
CANNED
.69
SWUSH
CRIME RATE DOWN 30%!
YOU ARE SUCH A DRAMA QUEEN, HARRY.
JUST REMEMBER— THIS MAKES US EVEN.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, HARRY. WHATEVER YOU SAY.

HOLD ON A SECOND. BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, I GOTTA KNOW—IS SOMETHING WEIRD GOING ON WITH EGON?
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
THERE WERE SOME... INCIDENTS THIS MORNING, RAY, AND IF BROTHER SPENGLER IS ABOUT TO TAKE A SWAN DIVE INTO THE KIDDIE POOL, I WOULD PREFER TO KNOW ABOUT IT BEFORE WE RUN INTO THE PHANTOM OF THE PARK.
NOTHING'S GOING ON.
RAY—
NOTHING, PETER. COME ON.
HE WAS SIGNING CHESTS AND PRACTICALLY CROWD-SURFING AT AN INTERSECTION TODAY, RAY, AND—
PETER, NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY IS GOING—
—OOOOW! PETER!
I LIKE TO ADVISE TELLING THE TRUTH. IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO KEEP A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.
PETER, HE—OWWW!—A BOOK! HE WROTE A BOOK!
WHAT KIND OF BOOK? THAT BOSOM HE SHARPIED DID NOT BELONG TO A SCIENCE FAN.
IT WAS AN EXPERIMENT. EGON WROTE A COMPUTER PROGRAM—
THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WROTE A BOOK.

HE DID. SORT OF. THE PROGRAM CALCULATES AN ALMOST RANDOM PATTERN OF WORDS THAT POSITIVELY STIMULATE THE BRAIN.
A SAMPLE RAN IN NEWER YORK MAGAZINE LAST MONTH. EGON'S GOING TO PUBLISH A PAPER ON THE REACTION, ONCE HE SORTS ALL THE DATA.
AND NOBODY WAS GONNA MENTION THIS TO ME?
RIGHT... BECAUSE IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO KNOW ABOUT AN ARTIFICIAL WAY TO REV THE CORTEX OF THE FEMALE BRAIN.
DON'T THINK THIS IS OVER. I WANT A LOOK AT THIS THING. IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE.
PSSSHT.
THAT SAID, A BOOK STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY EGON CHARGED A CROWD OF STIFFS AT THE CROSSWALK.
MAYBE HE THOUGHT HE SAW THE BOOGEYMAN.

REALLY, RAY? THE BOOGEY—
GRAAAAAH!
WHAT THE—?!
HAH!
FRZZHAAK
SKRAAAW! SKRRREEEP!
SKRAAAW! SKRRREEEP!
THIS IS KINDA FUN!
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR FUN, RAY, WE GOTTA—

UTINI!
SWAK
OW!
GET OFFA ME, YOU LITTLE—!
SKEEEE!
RAY, WE GOT A POSSESSED YOKEL TO FIND!
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO HAD TO STOP AND TALK ABOUT EGON.
NOT THE POINT, RAY!
SHKOW
RELAX, VENKMAN! THE WAY I SEE IT, THIS LITTLE VOLLEY PROVES WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
SHKOW
SHKOW
IT'S A DEFENSIVE FORCE, BUT NOTHING WE CAN'T HANDLE!
DAMMIT, RAY!
OOPS.

HARROOOOOORG!!
YOU JUST CAN'T NOT JINX US, CAN YOU?
TRSNASH
LOOK OUT!

KRZZHK
LOOKS LIKE WE BROKE ANOTHER STATUE.
YEAH, WE SHOULD PROBABLY STOP MAKING GHOSTS OUTTA BUSTS, HUH?
SWACK
OW!
TERRIFIC. THAT'S NOT AN INDIAN CURSE—IT'S THE FRIGGIN' BLACK KNIGHT.
LET'S RETIRE THIS MOTHER.

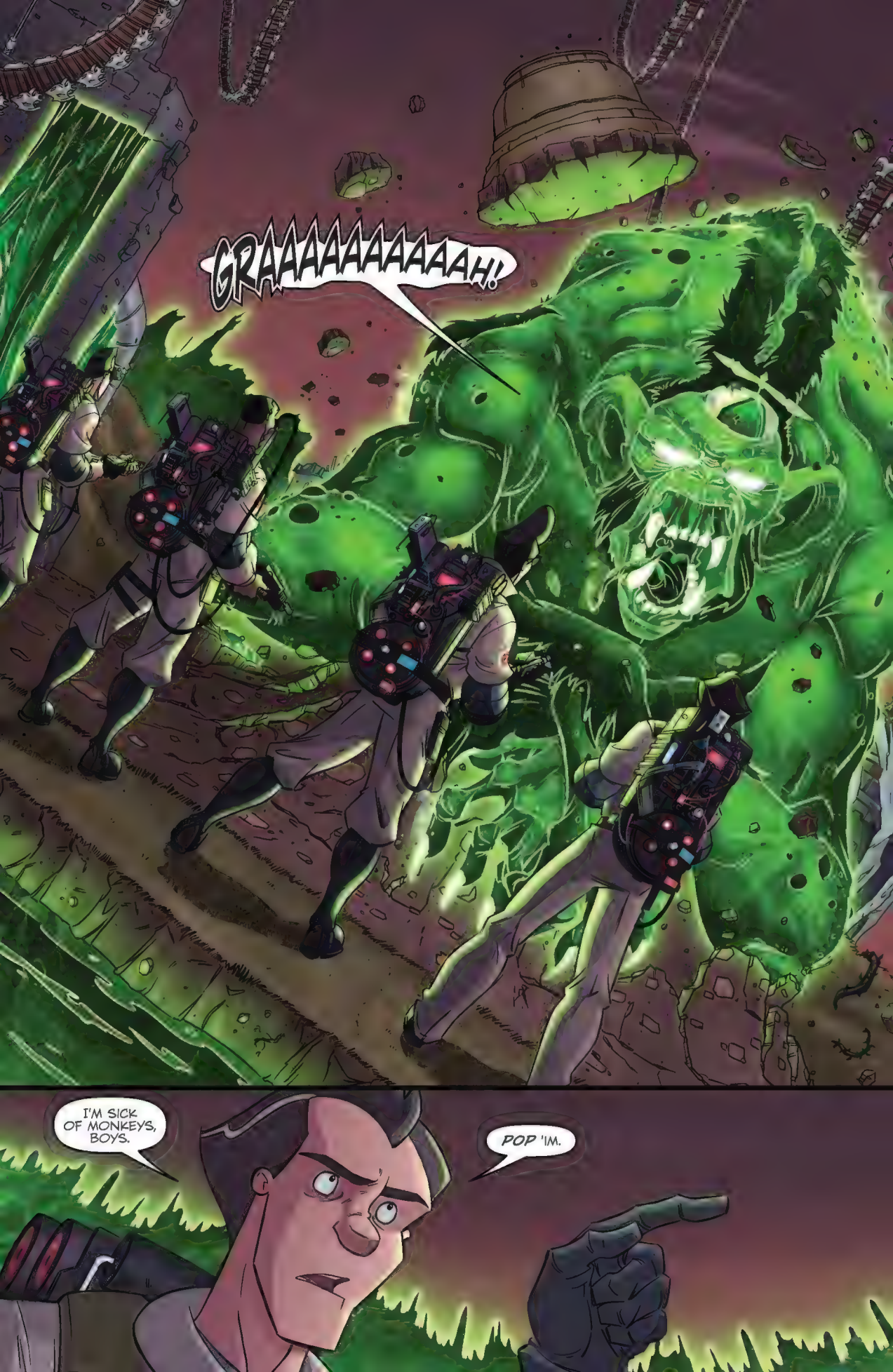
YOU SURE WE'RE HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION?
REASONABLY.
"REASONABLY?"
THERE'S FAR TOO MUCH PKE PRESENT TO PINPOINT THE ENTITY, SO—
UM... YES. HOW DID YOU...?
SO YOU FIDDLED WITH THE METER TO SHOW YOU WHERE THERE WAS A BLOT IN THE WORKS.
YOU DON'T LOOK FOR THE WATER, YOU LOOK FOR THE FISH, RIGHT?
ESSENTIALLY.
GIVE ME SOME CREDIT, MAN—I DO PAY ATTENTION.
!
!
WHOOK

I'M NOT LIKING THIS.
SKREEEEEECK
STAMPEDE!

WHOULF!
LOOK OUT!
QUICK, TAKE OUT THE AUTOMATONS!
THIS AIN'T MY FIRST RODEO.
HA.
SH-BOOM
WHIRRR! PSSSHT! SKRAAAW!
WHIRRR! PSSSHT! SKRAAAW!
KSSH-GON? EGON, YOU THERE?
A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW, VENKMAN.
WELL, GET UNBUSY AND SHIMMY ON OVER TO THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE PARK--
--WE FOUND THE GUY.

VENKMAN.
WHAT KEPT YOU BOYS?
WILD HORSES.
WELL THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT.
WHAT WE GOT, RAY?
"WE'RE LOOKING AT SEVERAL TRAPPED, WAITING THEIR TURN ON THE MENU, AND—
"—THERE WE GO. ONE POSSESSED PRE-ADOLESCENT BOY.
"TOLD YOU IT WAS A CODE REGAN."
MAX
WHAT? WE CAN'T BLAST A KID.
WELL, TECHNICALLY—
MAN, IF YOU FINISH THAT SENTENCE I WILL SLAP THE GOGGLES OFF YOUR HEAD.
NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
WE COMMUNICATE.

EH? WHO?
SHREX
HI, WE'RE WITH YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD DOOR-TO-DOOR COSMETICS RETAILER, AND WE HAVE A *FANTASTIC* DEAL ON CONCEALER TODAY.
THAT WAS JUST A WARNING SHOT, KID. WE ONLY WANT TO TALK.
TALK?
RRRRRRRUMBLE
THERE WILL BE NO TALK.

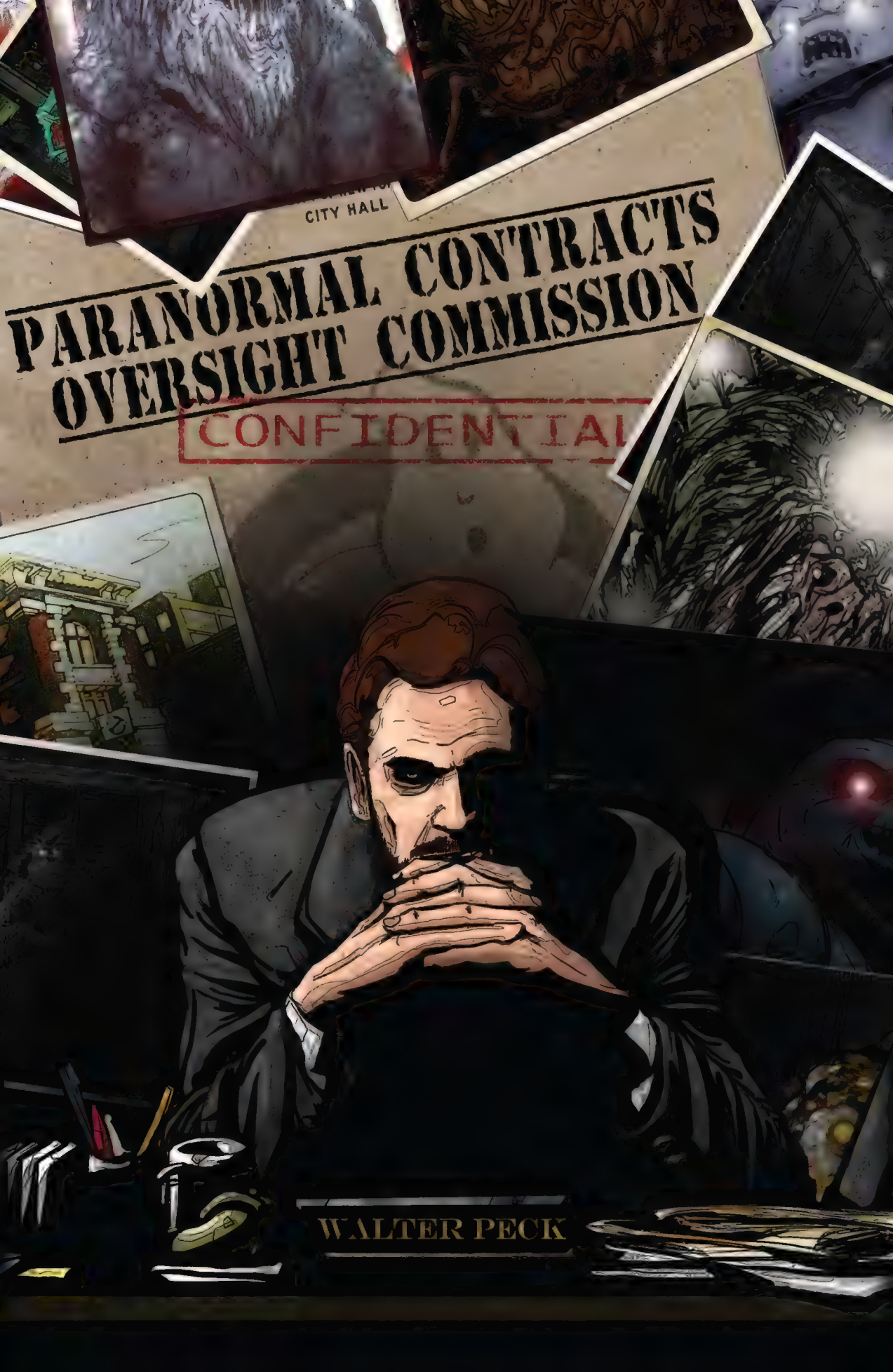

GRAAAAAAAAAAH!
I'M SICK OF MONKEYS, BOYS.
POP 'IM.

SKREEEEEEE
SHZKON
SHZKKK
SHZKKK
HRM. THEY HAVE POWER.
FLIP
SKRAAAAWWWWW

IMPRESSIVE.
CLAP CLAP CLAP
WELCOME TO THE FUTURE, BUDDY. WE COME LOADED FOR BEAR.
AND MONKEYS.
AND HORSES.
OH, MY.
BRAVE WARRIORS, YOU HAVE PROVEN A RARE WORTH. I WILL SPEAK WITH YOU.
TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT AND BEGONE.
WHAT WE WANT IS FOR YOU TO RELEASE THAT KID.
GET THE TRAP READY, RAY.
YOU NEED TO HAVE A HOST TO SUCK ON, YOU CAN TAKE ME INSTEAD.
I'M NOT KIDDING, RAY.
C'MON, LET'S GO.
YOU? YOU?!
BAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

YOUR BIGGEST WANT IS TO HELP OTHERS, WHETHER YOU ADMIT IT TO YOURSELF OR NOT. YOUR SPIRIT WOULD LEAVE A BITTER TASTE ON MY TONGUE.
NO, YOU DO NOT DESERVE MY EMBRACE.
THESE TWO DESIRE KNOWLEDGE ABOVE ALMOST ALL ELSE.
THERE IS A LUST THERE, BUT ITS FLAVOR IS BLAND.
BLAND?
NOW, THIS ONE...
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THIS KID'S GLARING AT ME.
THIS ONE EXUDES DESIRE. GREED. WANT. HIS SOUL ALONE COULD SATE ME FOR A GENERATION.
YES.
I WILL RELEASE THE CHILD.
OH...
SOMEBODY HIT A TRAP!
MY EYES!

ON IT—!
CLICK
WWWOOOOOR
IS EVERYONE OKAY?
ZZZT
YOU OKAY, MY MAN?
MY TEETH HURT.
HEAR THAT, PETER? HIS TEETH HURT! HE'S GONNA BE FINE!
WE PULLED OUT A REAL WIN TODAY.
WE CERTAINLY DID...
VENKM
TO BE CONTINUED!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RACHEL UNGLIGHTER
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SU
84
STUDENT
Unglighter
CURRENT
KOZA'RAI:
•Fathered Gozer.
•Seduced Unglighter's mother (human)
-other children we don't know?
•Attempted to force dim. cross-rip.
PRE-"DISPLACED AGGRESSION"
(taken 6pm Times Square)
LOFT

ENTITY DATASHEET

NAME (IF APPLICABLE): Rachel Unglighter

ENTITY: Human Female (previously terrestrially bound demi-god)

CLASSIFICATION: NA

TYPE: NA

PKR FREQUENCY: NA

eV COUNT: NA

NOTABLE ABILITIES:

At one point, Unglighter was able to manipulate time and space, but her abilities beyond that remain untested. She appears to be able to manipulate and focus latent kinetic and psychokinetic energies.

Further testing since her reappearance indicates that the subject is incapable of manifesting the aforementioned abilities, likely due to the forced separation of her supernatural being.

KNOWN HISTORY:

Unglighter is the daughter of Jacqueline Unglighter, a Norwegian immigrant who came to America in 1953 at the age of 21. Unglighter became involved with 27-year-old Felix Ashton, a volunteer for the Temple of the Divine Father at a soup kitchen run by the temple in the Lower West Side. Young and impressionable, Unglighter was manipulated by the temple into joining their cause by the charismatic Ashton.

Unaware that the temple was in fact the remnants of a cult that had splintered from the now famous Gozerian cult headed by IVO SHANDOR, Unglighter gave herself completely to Ashton and the church, which would be her ultimate undoing. Ashton and other senior members of the sect selected Unglighter to bear the child of what they called "The Devine Father", who was in fact Koza'Rai, father to Gozer the Gozerian and other lesser known deities.

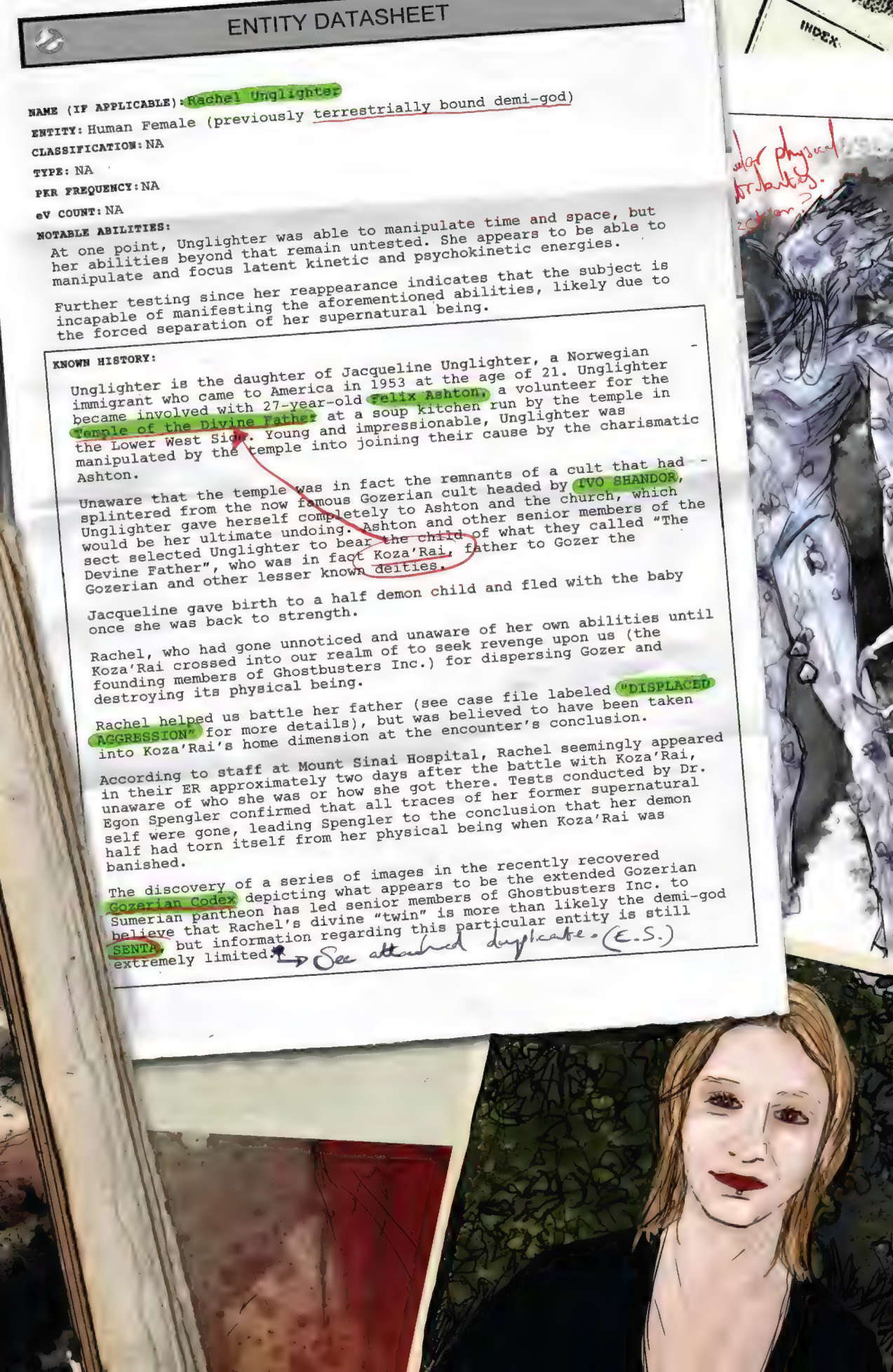
Jacqueline gave birth to a half demon child and fled with the baby once she was back to strength.

Rachel, who had gone unnoticed and unaware of her own abilities until Koza'Rai crossed into our realm of to seek revenge upon us (the founding members of Ghostbusters Inc.) for dispersing Gozer and destroying its physical being.

Rachel helped us battle her father (see case file labeled "DISPLACED AGGRESSION" for more details), but was believed to have been taken into Koza'Rai's home dimension at the encounter's conclusion.

According to staff at Mount Sinai Hospital, Rachel seemingly appeared in their ER approximately two days after the battle with Koza'Rai, unaware of who she was or how she got there. Tests conducted by Dr. Egon Spengler confirmed that all traces of her former supernatural self were gone, leading Spengler to the conclusion that her demon half had torn itself from her physical being when Koza'Rai was banished.

The discovery of a series of images in the recently recovered Gozerian Codex depicting what appears to be the extended Gozerian Sumerian pantheon has led senior members of Ghostbusters Inc. to believe that Rachel's divine "twin" is more than likely the demi-god SENTA, but information regarding this particular entity is still extremely limited. → See attached duplicate. (E.S.)



"SENTA"
as found
in the
"Gaerion
Codex"
(p. 125)

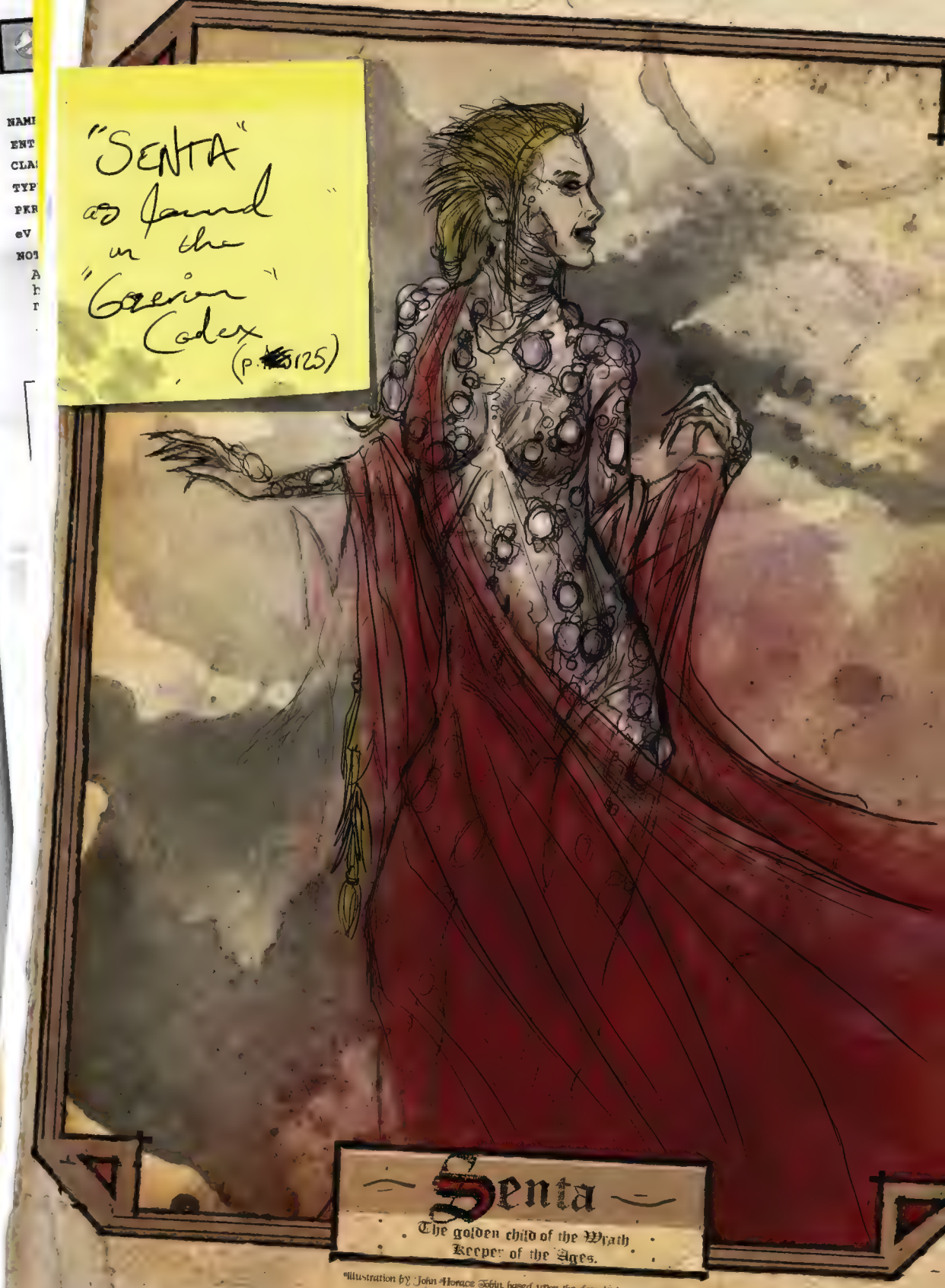
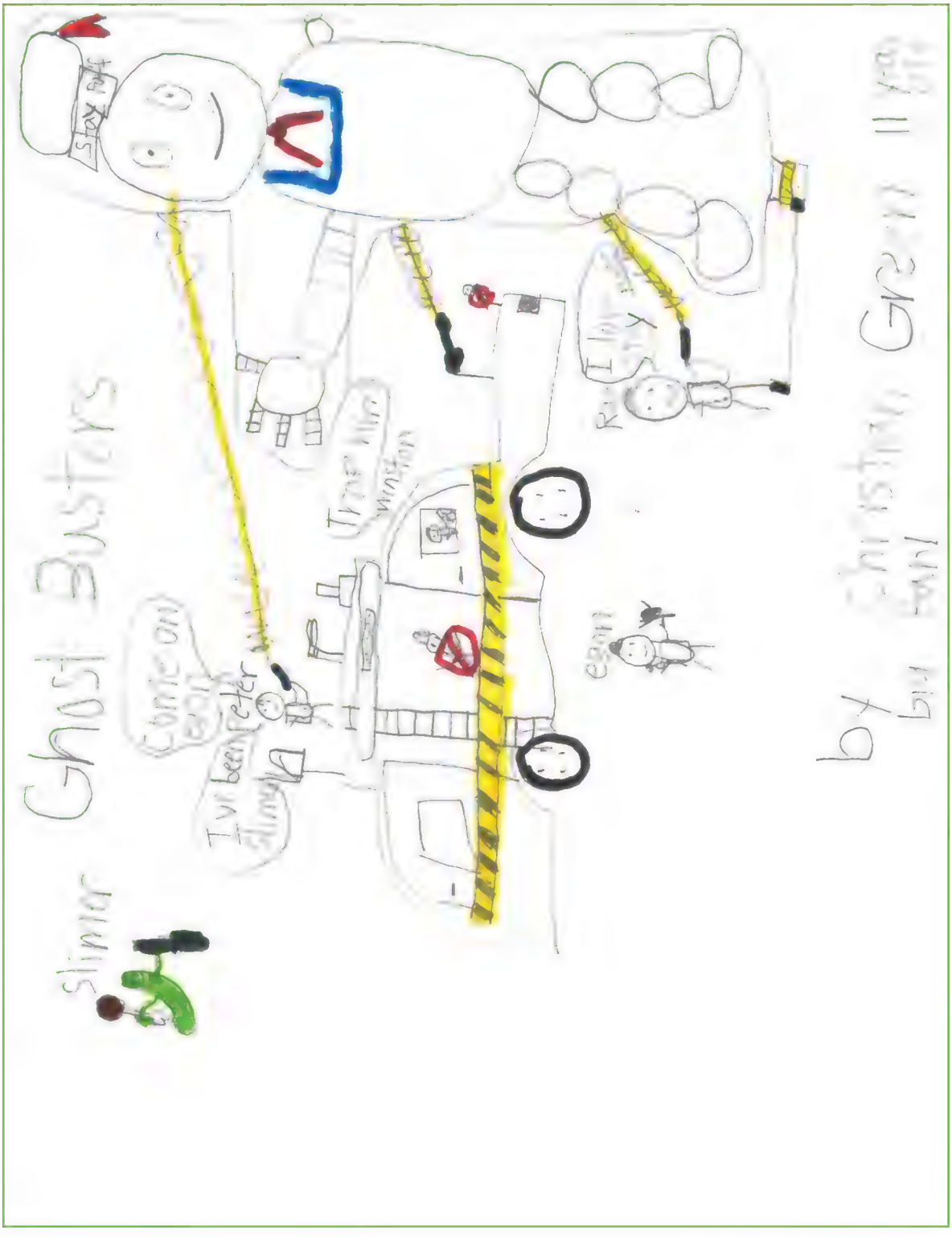


*Illustration by John Horace Tobin, based upon the descriptions present in the journals of Hieronymus Van Aachen

FAN ART BY **CHRISTIAN GREEN** (11 YEARS OLD)



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PCOC PAGES BY TRISTAN JONES
LETTERS BY NEIL UYETAKE
EDITS BY TOM WALTZ

STORY SO FAR:
THE GHOSTBUSTERS HAVE TRAVELED TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK IN SCHENECTADY AND FREED A CHILD FROM POSSESSION BY A NASTY SPIRIT-CURSE... THAT TURNED AND TOOK OVER THE BODY OF PETER VENKMAN. NOW IT'S A BATTLE ON TWO FRONTS AS RAY, WINSTON, AND EGON FIGHT WITH THE POSSESSED PETER, WHILE VENKMAN TRIES TO EXORCISE HIMSELF FROM WITHIN, VERBALLY SPARRING WITH THE GHOST ON THE MENTAL PLANE!

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IS EVERYONE OKAY?
HM.
DO YOU FOLKS—HOLD ON NOW... HEY, RAY—
HAVE YOU ACQUIRED ANY SHARED MEMORIES FROM THE 17TH, 18TH, OR 19TH CENTURIES OF WHICH YOU ARE CURRENTLY AWARE? AND IF SO—
YES?
RAY!
DO YOU NOT SEE WHAT I'M SEEING HERE?
OH!

PETER! EGON!
THE TRAP'S EMPTY, RAY!
VENKMAN! WE HAVE A—
A WHAT? A PROBLEM? WAS THAT WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY?
!
YOU TRULY HAVE NO SENSE OF CREATIVITY.

MEANWHILE, ON THE MENTAL PLANE...
YELLO? ANYBODY HEAR ME?
OF COURSE NOT, PETE. YOU'RE IN A FORMLESS VOID.
HEY UNIVERSE—THIS IS EGON'S FANTASY, NOT MINE. I NEED MORE IN MY LIFE THAN A VAST SWATH OF NOTHINGNESS!
OKAY, I WAS THINKING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF A HAREM OF SWEDISH BIKINI MODELS, BUT, HEY, A DOOR IS A GOOD START.
PARANORMAL STUDIES LABORATORY
VENKMAN BURN IN HELL
MAN
EVEN IF IT IS THIS DOOR.
MAID
OKAY, LEVEL WITH ME: AM I IN HELL?
HARDLY, DR. VENKMAN! WE'RE IN YOUR MIND. WELCOME TO THE CENTER OF YOUR BEING!
THIS IS THE CENTER OF MY BEING? I THINK SOMEONE SOLD YOU A PHONY MAP.

OH, COME NOW... YOU HAVE A LOT OF FOND MEMORIES TIED TO THIS OFFICE—OF COEDS, MOSTLY—BUT STILL, YOU WERE COMFORTABLE HERE...
...AND SINCE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TALK, YOU AND I, I'D PREFER IT BE IN A COMFORTABLE ENVIRONMENT. HAVE A SEAT.
AREN'T YOU A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW? EGON'S GOING TO WANT YOUR ATTENTION, AND IF YOU IGNORE HIM FOR TOO LONG, HE'LL ZAP MY BODY... AND I CAN'T SAY I'M REALLY UP FOR ANY VIOLENT BOWEL EVACUATIONS TODAY.
OH, DON'T WORRY—I'M PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF SPLITTING MY FOCUS. NOW SIT.
WELL, YOU DO SEEM TO HOLD ALL THE CARDS.
HA.
SO, FINE, WE TALK. HOW 'BOUT THEM KNICKS?
NO.
NOT A BASKETBALL GUY, HUH?
MIND YOUR TONE, DOCTOR. DO NOT DISRESPECT ME.
OR WHAT?
OR PERHAPS MY INTEREST IN HAVING THIS CONVERSATION WILL END AND I WILL MOVE ON TO DEVOURING YOUR SOUL.
YOU GOT ANY THOUGHTS ON THE INFIELD FLY RULE?

WELL NOW, THERE'S AN IDEA...
WATCH OUT!
...WHO LIKES BASEBALL?!
DOWN!
OH!
WE GOTTA GET THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE, MAN! WE GOTTA—
—EGON! HOW MANY MORE OF THOSE GRENADES DID YOU BRING?

YOU KNOW, I'M NOT USED TO SUCH A COMPLETE... LACK OF FEAR ON THE PART OF MY HOSTS. IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS WHY I WAS SO EAGER FOR A DIALOGUE.
WELL, I'M NOT USED TO A 17TH-CENTURY BOGEYMAN HAVING A SOLID GRASP ON ENGLISH, SO LET'S CALL IT EVEN.
TOUCHÉ.
CARE TO HAZARD A GUESS?
NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.
OH, YOU'RE NO FUN.
HEY, I'M FUN. I'M LIKE A BARREL FULL OF MONKEYS, BUT WITHOUT THE FUR AND THE TEETH AND THE RABIES.
Y'KNOW WHAT? I THINK YOU'RE AFTER SOMETHING. STRIKE THAT—I KNOW IT.
YOU'RE A SOUL EATER WHO HASN'T HAD A BITE SINCE WOODSTOCK—AND HIPPIES CAN'T HAVE BEEN VERY FILLING—BUT YOU WANNA TALK? THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
SO TELL ME—WHAT IS IT YOU REALLY WANT?

PFT
SKRAAWWWW
OKAY, PEOPLE, HOME STRETCH. YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
GET AWAY!
IS... IS EVERYTHING GOING TO BE OKAY?
IT'S GONNA BE FINE.
DEET
EVERYBODY, GET READY TO RUN!

EEEYYYYAAAAAAAARGH!
EEEYYYYAAAAAAAARGH!
KA-BOOM
EEEYYYYAAAAAAAARGH!
YOU WILL NOT BE DOING THAT AGAIN.

I WANT YOU TO NOT WASTE MY TIME. I'M RUNNING OUT OF PATIENCE, DR. VENKMAN.
OH, COME NOW, YOU IMMORTAL ENTITY GUYS ARE BEYOND SUCH ABSTRACT CONCEPTS AS PATIENCE, RIGHT?
BESIDES, WHO'S WASTING TIME? YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TALK. WE'RE TALKING.
WHAT I WANTED—
—AHEM.
I ♥ NY
WHAT I WANTED WAS TO KNOW WHY YOU HAVE NO FEAR, NO PRESSING URGE TO ESCAPE, NO... OF COURSE!
YOU'RE UNAFRAID BECAUSE YOU DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU. AND YOU DON'T CARE BECAUSE ONE OF THE THINGS YOU WANT MOST IS FOREVER DENIED YOU.
OH, YOU'RE GONNA TRY TO PSYCHOANALYZE ME NOW, HUH?
WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME, BUDDY, AND YOU JUST WOKE THE SLEEPING DRAGON...
CAUTION
LASER LIGHT

HRRR...
THAT'S IT, EGON! POUR IT ON! THESE MONKEY SUITS DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ON US!
PTOOM
SHZZZK
SHZZZK
PTOOM
PTOOM
YOU TWO REALLY NEED TO LEARN TO WATCH YOUR SIX.
HUH?
YOUR BACKS, EGON. WATCH YOUR BACKS.
HE'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, GENTLEMEN. ALWAYS WATCH YOUR BACKS. AFTER ALL...

...YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MIGHT POP UP BEHIND YOU.
SKRAAAW! SKRRREEE!
THIS GUY IS REALLY DOING A NUMBER ON THE LOCAL TOPOGRAPHY.
THE PARK MANAGER IS GONNA WANT OUR HIDES.
SKRAAAW! SKRRREEE!
WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S OUR FAULT.
IT'S RARELY OUR FAULT. WELL, NOT TO THIS DEGREE.
I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET VERY FAR BLASTING MONKEYS ALL NIGHT LONG...
...WE GOTTA TAKE OUT THE SOURCE!
!

SHZAK-OOOW
SHRZZAK THOOM
KRSDLOOS!
THAT'S IT.

I AM THROUGH PLAYING!

I GOT IT. I'M FINALLY ONTO YOU, BUNKY.
I MEAN, YEAH, THAT PSYCHOLOGY DEGREE ON MY WALL IS MOSTLY TO IMPRESS THE LADIES, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DIDN'T PICK UP A THING OR TWO BACK IN SCHOOL.
MATTER OF FACT, THEY USED TO CALL ME MIGHTY JOE JUNG, SEE, 'CAUSE I GET HUMAN NATURE.
HUMAN NATURE...
...WHY WOULD YOU THINK THAT THAT APPLIES TO ME?
WELL, YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT.
SERIOUSLY, YOU EAT SOULS—IT'S WHAT YOU DO. A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT YOU ESPECIALLY LIKE WANTS AND EMOTIONS AND BAD VIBES.
SO YOU POSSESS SOME POOR SCHMUCK, AND THERE'S A LIGHT SHOW AND BATS AND YOU SCREW AROUND ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE AND YADDA YADDA YADDA UNTIL SUPPERTIME.
I KNOW YOU'RE DOING THE WHOLE PHANTOM OF THE PARK THING OUT THERE... BUT SO FAR, THERE'S NOT A WHOLE LOT OF SOUL EATING GOING ON. I MEAN, I'D NOTICE, RIGHT? AND ONE MAY WONDER WHY. CLEARLY—
—HANG ON, I'M GONNA DO MY EGON IMPRESSION. YOU'LL LOVE THIS—
—"CLEARLY, THE ENTITY REQUIRES MORE THAN CLOSE SPIRITUAL PROXIMITY TO FACILITATE ITS FEEDING." EH? HIS OWN MOTHER COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.
OH, LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE ALL SNARLY. I THINK DOCTOR PETE'S GOT YOU PEGGED.

NOW I THINK—AND STOP ME IF I'M WRONG—THAT MAYBE YOU CAN'T JUST GO SUCKING ON SOULS FROM GO. AND FROM YOUR VERY UNSUBTLE HINTS, I THINK YOU NEED ME WANTING TO GET AWAY.
IF I WAS ALREADY AS FREAKED OUT AS AN AVERAGE JOE, I'M SURE WE WOULDN'T EVEN BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION. BUT SINCE I'M NOT, YOU'RE TRYING TO STIR ME UP. YOU EVEN BROKE OUT THE OLD "I NEED TO GET BACK AND TRY TO REKINDLE THINGS WITH MY FORMER LOVE" PLOY. THAT'S DESPERATE.
GRRRR....
I MEAN, HERE I AM, WITH ALL THAT YUMMY MODERN GREED FLOATING AROUND MY PREFRONTAL CORTEX, AS FINELY PROCESSED AS A HOT DOG, A MEAL SO TEMPTING YOU JUST COULDN'T SAY NO—AND YOU CAN'T GET A BITE IN!
MUST BE FRUSTRATING, IS ALL I'M SAYING...
ENOUGH!
HEY, HEY, NOW! THERE HE IS! THE BIG, BAD SCARY GHOST.
KRASH
YOU STUPID, STUPID THING! DON'T YOU REALIZE THE DANGER YOU'RE IN? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING ON?
YOU'RE DEALING WITH A TRAINED PSYCHOLOGIST, JACK. I MINORED IN UNDERSTANDING. AND WHAT I UNDERSTAND NOW IS THAT I'M NOT TURNING INTO THE BREAKFAST PLATTER YOU'D HOPED FOR, AND YOU'RE NOT TOO HAPPY ABOUT THAT.
SURE, YOU COULD ALWAYS HOP OUT OF ME AND FIND AN EASIER SNACK...

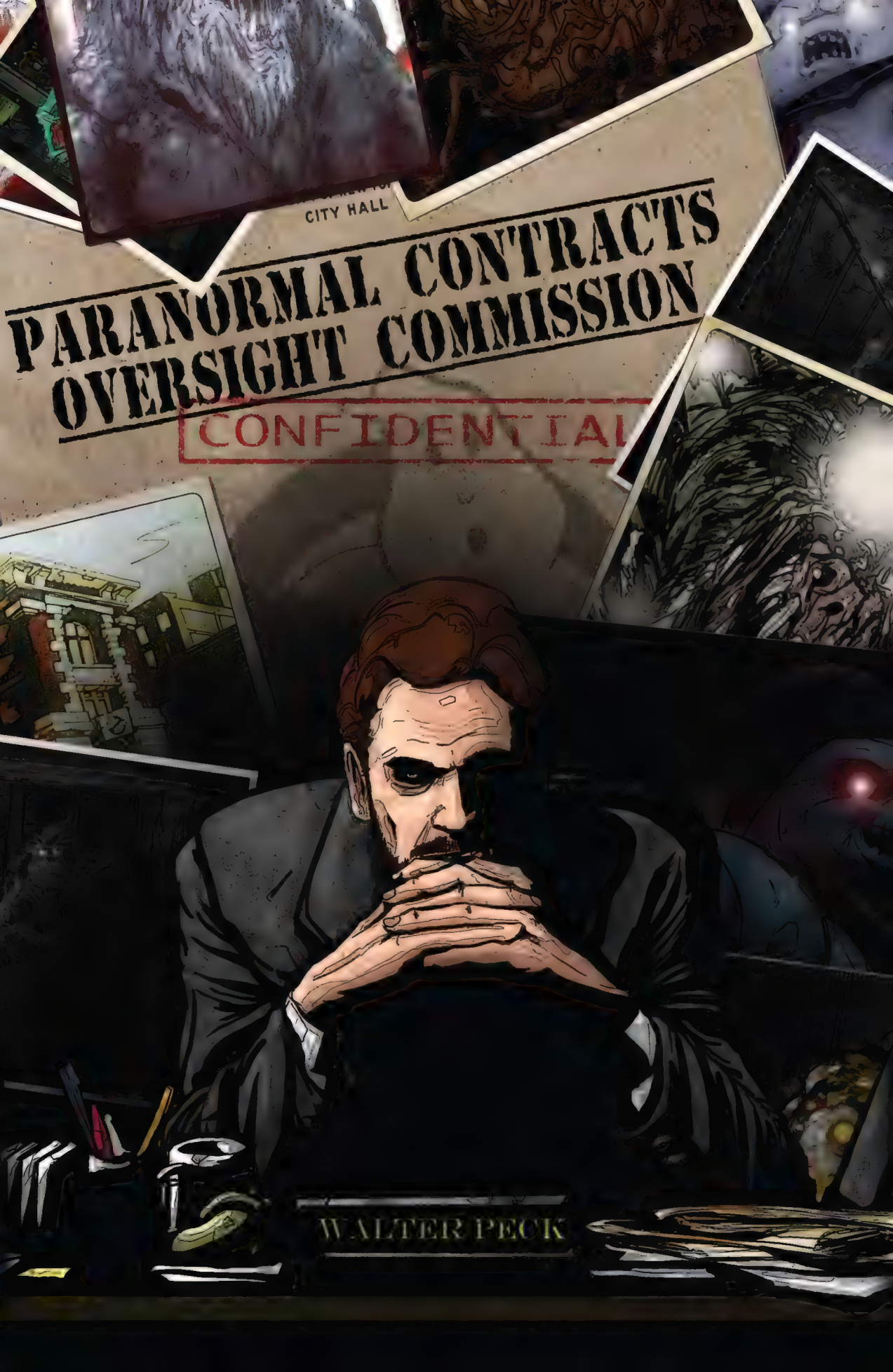
...EXCEPT MY PAL WINSTON'S GOT A BIT OF A HERO COMPLEX, SO I'D BET HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY USHERED ANYONE WITHOUT THEIR OWN POSITRON COLLIDER RIGHT OUTTA THE PARK.
AND EGON AND RAY AREN'T GONNA BE ANY EASIER A MEAL THAN ME. ROUGH LUCK, HUH?
NO...
Y'KNOW, I BET AFTER A FEW HUNDRED YEARS YOU BUILT UP A LITTLE SOUL ADDICTION, DIDN'T YOU? YEAH, I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR FACE. I RECOGNIZE ALL THE SIGNS OF ADDICTION... I WENT TO A SEMINAR ONCE.
I AM AN ANCIENT AND POWERFUL BEING—ADDICTION IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY. I NEED ONLY TO FEED. I MUST FEED.
YEAH, SOUNDS LIKE AN ADDICTION TO ME.
IT IS NOT!
WELL, YOU SAY POTATO, I SAY SPUD.
WAY I SEE IT, YOUR OPTIONS AT THIS POINT ARE TO STAY IN MY HEAD IN THE HOPES THAT I SUDDENLY PANIC, OR GET OUTTA HERE AND TAKE YOUR CHANCES.
WELL? WHAT'LL IT BE?
I'VE MADE A MISTAKE... I SHOULD HAVE SUPPED ON THE CHILD...

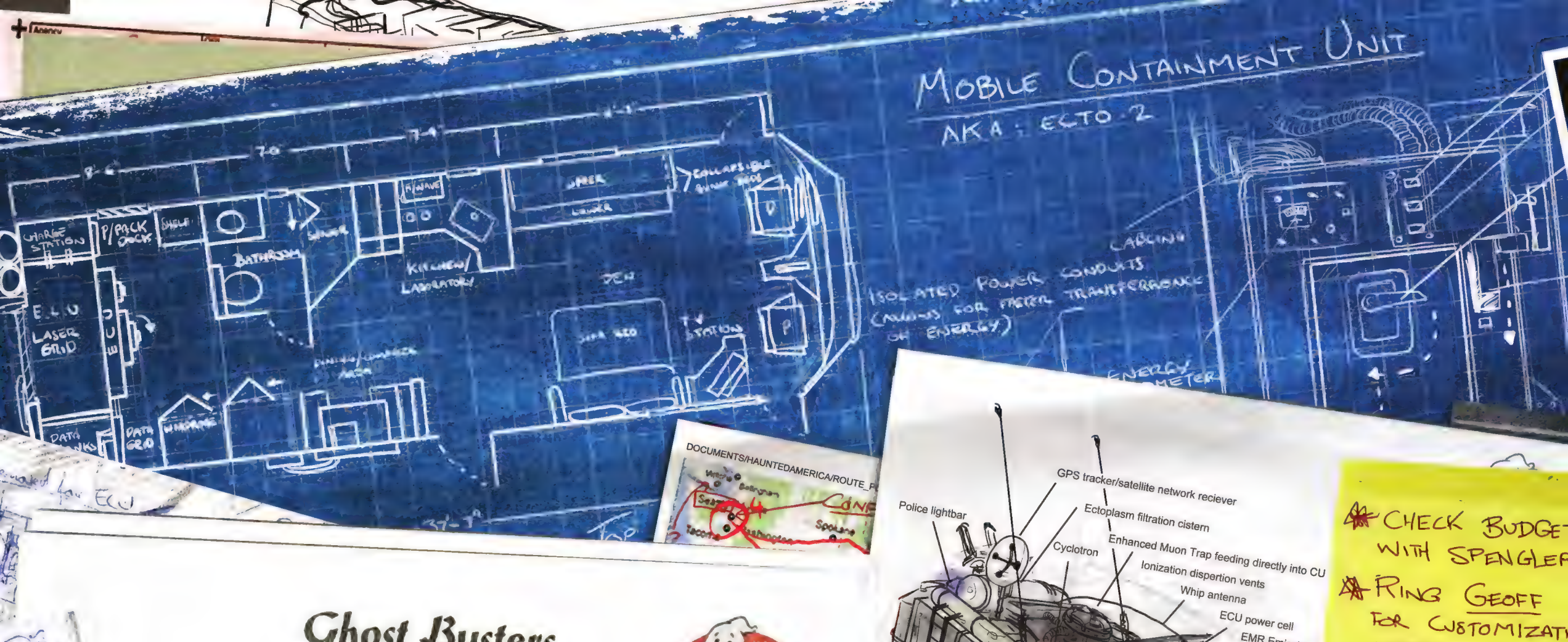
THIS ISN'T WORKING...
WE MAY HAVE TO RAISE THE POWER ON THE STREAM TO FULL LEVELS.
WON'T THAT HURT VENKMAN?
OF COURSE, BUT—
GUYS, LOOK!
WHAT'S GOING ON WITH PETER?
WHERE? WHERE?!
TRAP IT! TRAP IT!
OWW!

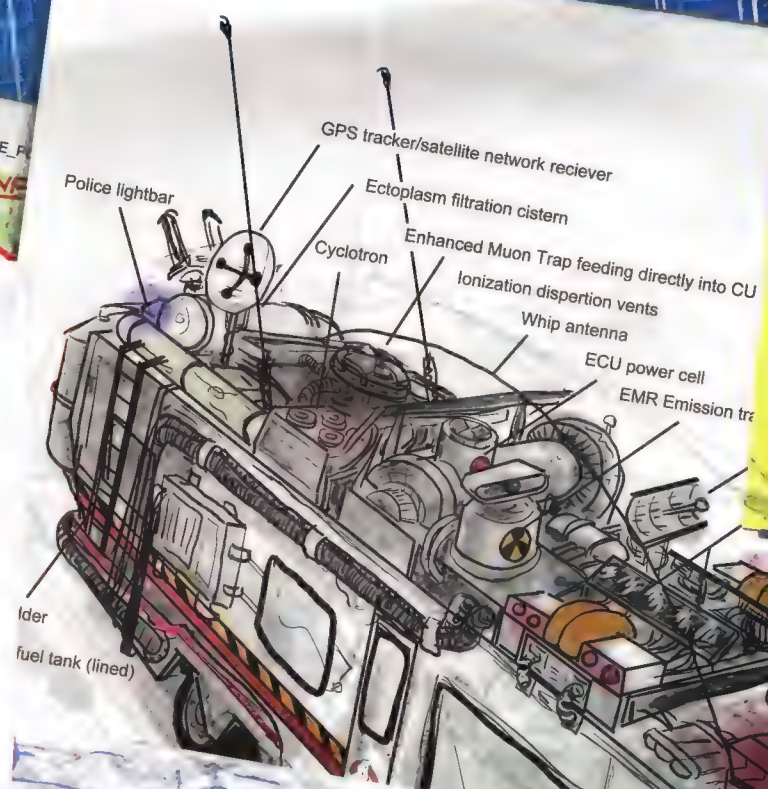
NO! NO! NOT FAIR... NOT RIGHT... NO!
NONONONOOOOOO-!
SHCK
YOU ALL RIGHT, PETE?
NO.
HOW'D YOU EXORCISE YOURSELF?
I DID WHAT I DO BEST—I COMMUNICATED. OW, MY ACHING...
...SO WHICH ONE'A YOU MOOKS SHOT ME?
HE DID IT.

ONE WEEK LATER...
WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS!
MISS JANINE MELNITZ, VISITING HER FAVORITE BOSS IN THE HOSPITAL, AREN'T YOU A LAMB.
I JUST THOUGHT I'D STOP IN AND SEE HOW YOU WERE DOING ON MY WAY TO YOGA.
YOGA?
DON'T START WITH ME OR I'LL CRACK THE REST OF YOUR RIBS.
Y'KNOW, NORMALLY I'D BE GIVING YOU GRIEF ABOUT THE WHOLE NEW-AGEY EXERCISE CRAP, BUT RIGHT NOW I'M FEELING TOO GOOD TO CARE.
TOO GOOD?
YOU WERE DROPPED TWENTY FEET ONTO THE PAVEMENT, CRACKED FOUR RIBS AND THEN WOUND UP HAVING TO HAVE AN EMERGENCY APPENDECTOMY ON TOP OF IT ALL—HOW ARE YOU FEELING GOOD?
MOSTLY THE FENTANYL.
BUT ALSO, ON EGON'S INSISTENCE, I HAD A FULL WORK-UP DONE SO HE COULD LOOK FOR ANY POST-POSSESSION PHYSIOLOGICAL CHANGES.
AND? WERE THERE ANY?
BMI, CHOLESTEROL, BLOOD PRESSURE—YOU NAME IT, IT'S ALL GONE DOWN. I'M AS HEALTHY AS A HORSE.
HEALTHIER, EVEN.
I HAD THE DOCTOR FAX THESE DRASTICALLY IMPROVED RESULTS TO PECK... WHO WAS DOWN HERE THIS MORNING TO ACCUSE THE HOSPITAL OF FALSIFYING RECORDS, AND WAS SUBSEQUENTLY HAULED OFF BY SECURITY.
YOU JUST CAN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THAT—HE HUMILIATES HIMSELF IN PUBLIC AND GETS TO SHOVE HIS "REASONABLE PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS" WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE.

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HAVING SUCH A WONDERFUL TIME HERE, BUT I HAVE TO GO.
AND BEFORE I FORGET, RAY WANTED ME TO DROP THIS OFF FOR YOU. HE SAID YOU'D APPRECIATE IT.
Stacy's
THANKS, JANINE. HAVE FUN WITH THE WHOLE YOGA—
—THING.
Get Well Soon! Ray
%$#@***!!! RAY!
TO BE CONTINUED!


CITY HALL
PARANORMAL CONTRACTS
OVERSIGHT COMMISSION
CONFIDENTIAL
WALTER PECK





CHECK BUDGET WITH SPENGLER

RING GEOFF FOR CUSTOMIZATI ESTIMATE (555-8632)

Ghost Busters

Professional Paranormal Investigation and Eliminations

Walter,

I hope you still have friends at the EPA
e things like this are the reason I don't
at the firehouse. I don't even like standing
Ray Stew has been working on it

wrong - it's your ass.

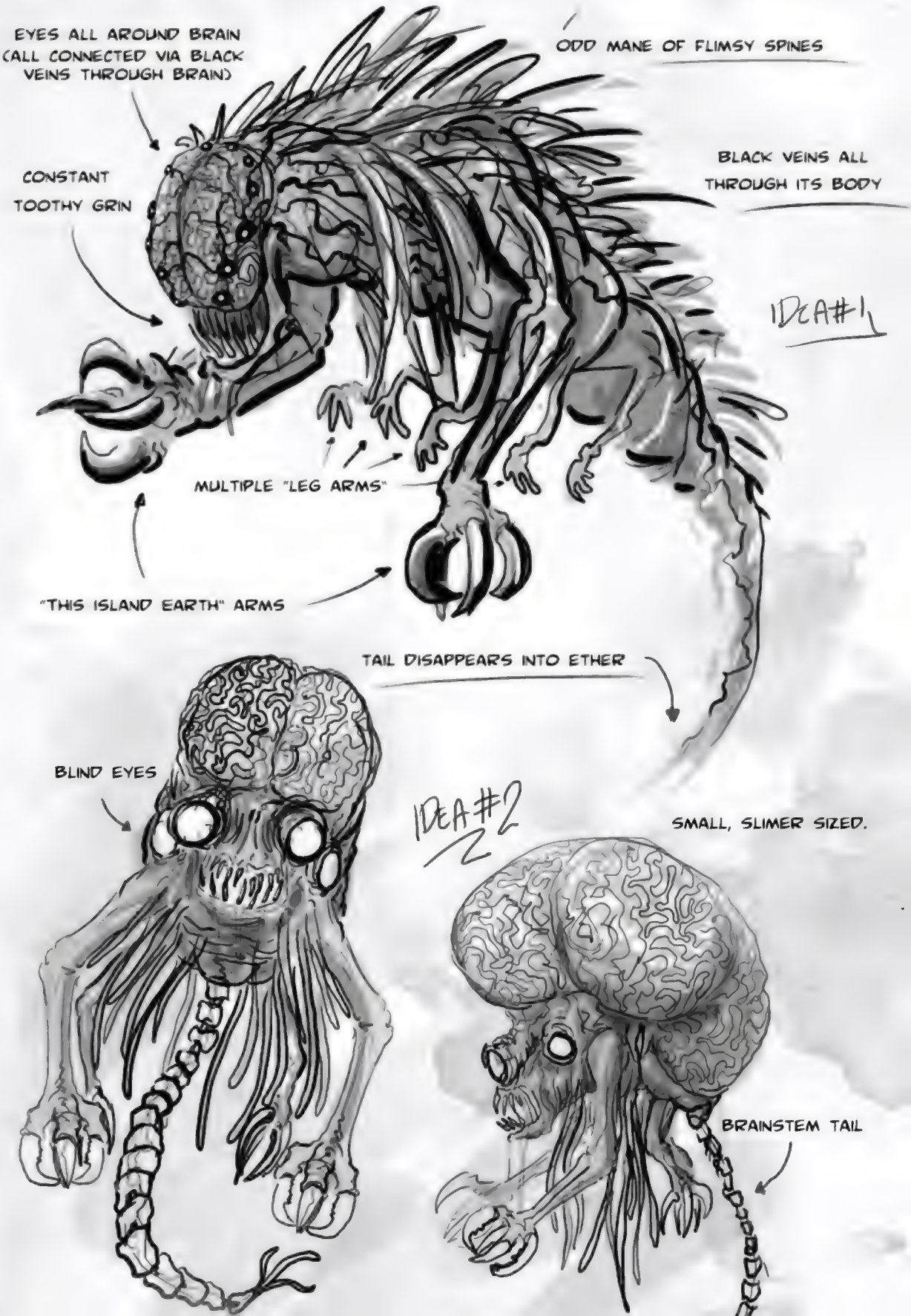
INCREASE VENKMAN'S FITNESS REQUIREMENTS.

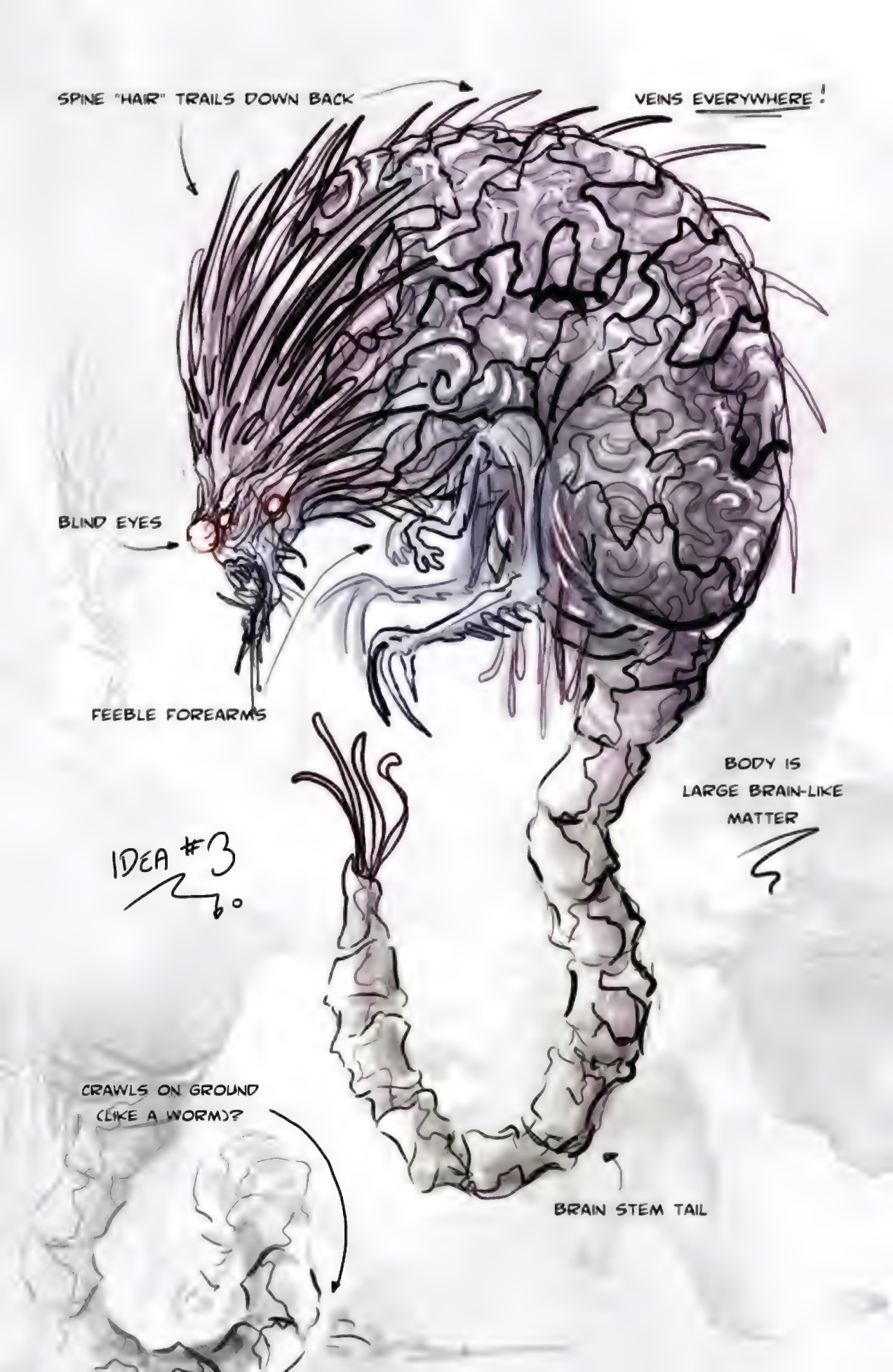
ECU needs [illegible] protection. Protected external conduits?

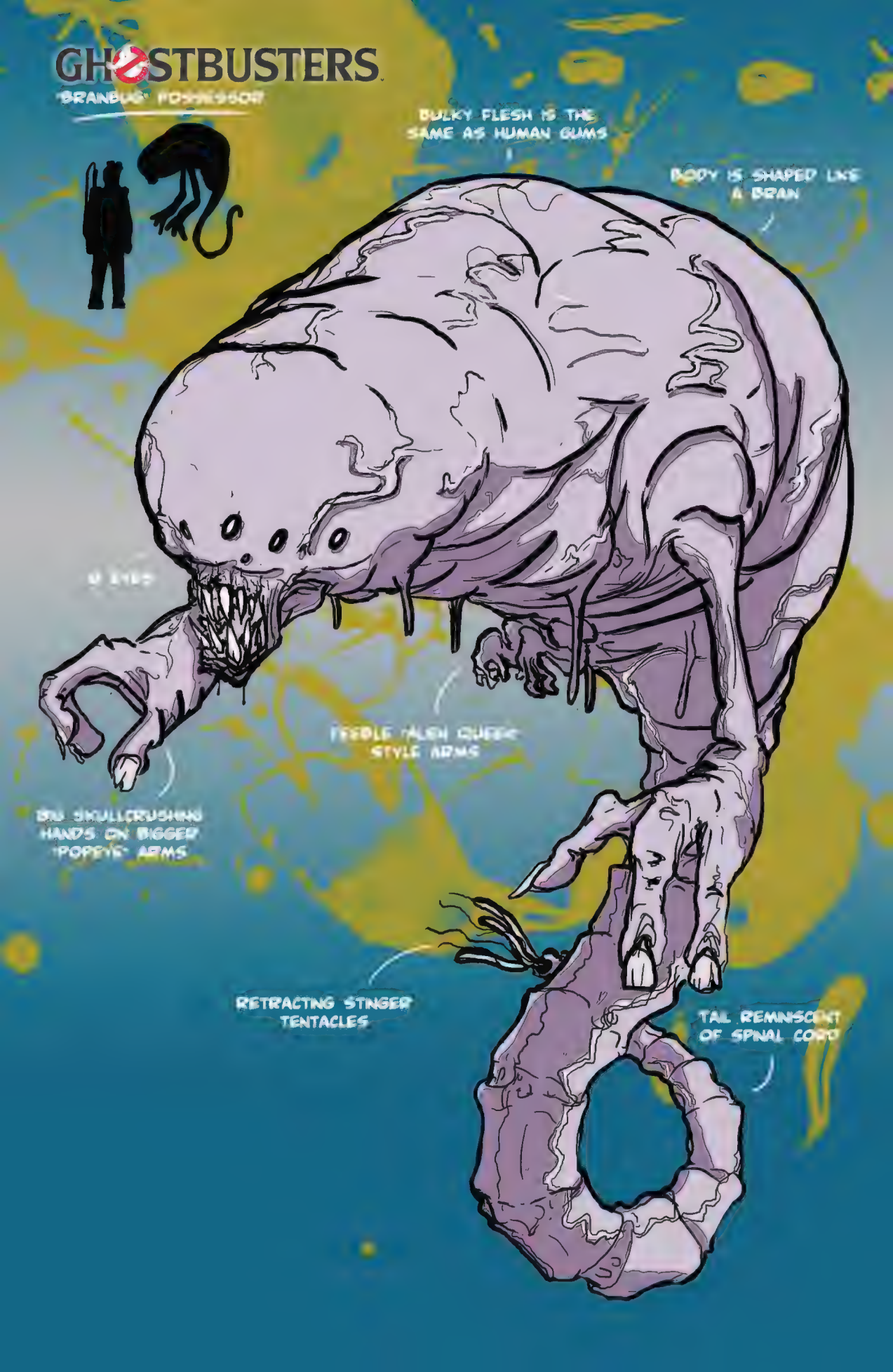
Storage?

GHOSTLY GALLERY

THE BRAINBUG/MANITOU GHOST
CREATURE DESIGNS BY TRISTAN JONES




SPINE "HAIR" TRAILS DOWN BACK
VEINS EVERYWHERE!
BLIND EYES
FEEBLE FOREARMS
BODY IS LARGE BRAIN-LIKE MATTER
IDEA #3
CRAWLS ON GROUND (LIKE A WORM)?
BRAIN STEM TAIL


GHOSTBUSTERS
"BRAINBUG" POSSESSOR
BULKY FLESH IS THE SAME AS HUMAN GUMS
BODY IS SHAPED LIKE A BRAIN
FEEBLE ALIEN QUEEN STYLE ARMS
BIG SKULLCRUSHING HANDS ON BIGGER "POPEYE" ARMS
RETRACTING STINGER TENTACLES
TAIL REMINISCENT OF SPINAL CORD

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No.8

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WRITTEN BY
E. BURNHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY
D. SCHOENING
L. DELGADO
AND
T. JONES

AN EGON SPENGLER MYSTERY

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ART BY DAN SCHOENING

COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

PCOC PAGES BY TRISTAN JONES

LETTERS BY NEIL UYETAKE

EDITS BY TOM WALTZ

STORY SO FAR:
IT'S BEEN BUSINESS AS USUAL FOR THE GHOSTBUSTERS SINCE THEY GOT BACK FROM THEIR JOB IN SCHENECTADY, AND ALL PERMITS HAVE BEEN RESTORED. THINGS WOULD BE ALMOST NORMAL IF THE AMBIENT PKE IN THE TRI-STATE AREA WASN'T STILL A LOT HIGHER THAN IT SHOULD BE. THE EXTRA PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY IS STILL GIVING GHOSTS A BOOST, AND FORCING THE GUYS TO BE EXTRA CAREFUL ON CALLS. WHERE IS THE BUMP IN THE PSYCHOKINETIC FIELD COMING FROM? EGON NEEDS TO KNOW...

COVER CHECKLIST

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COLORS BY
LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

COVER B
ART BY NICK RUNGE

COVER RI
ART BY GABE ELTAEB

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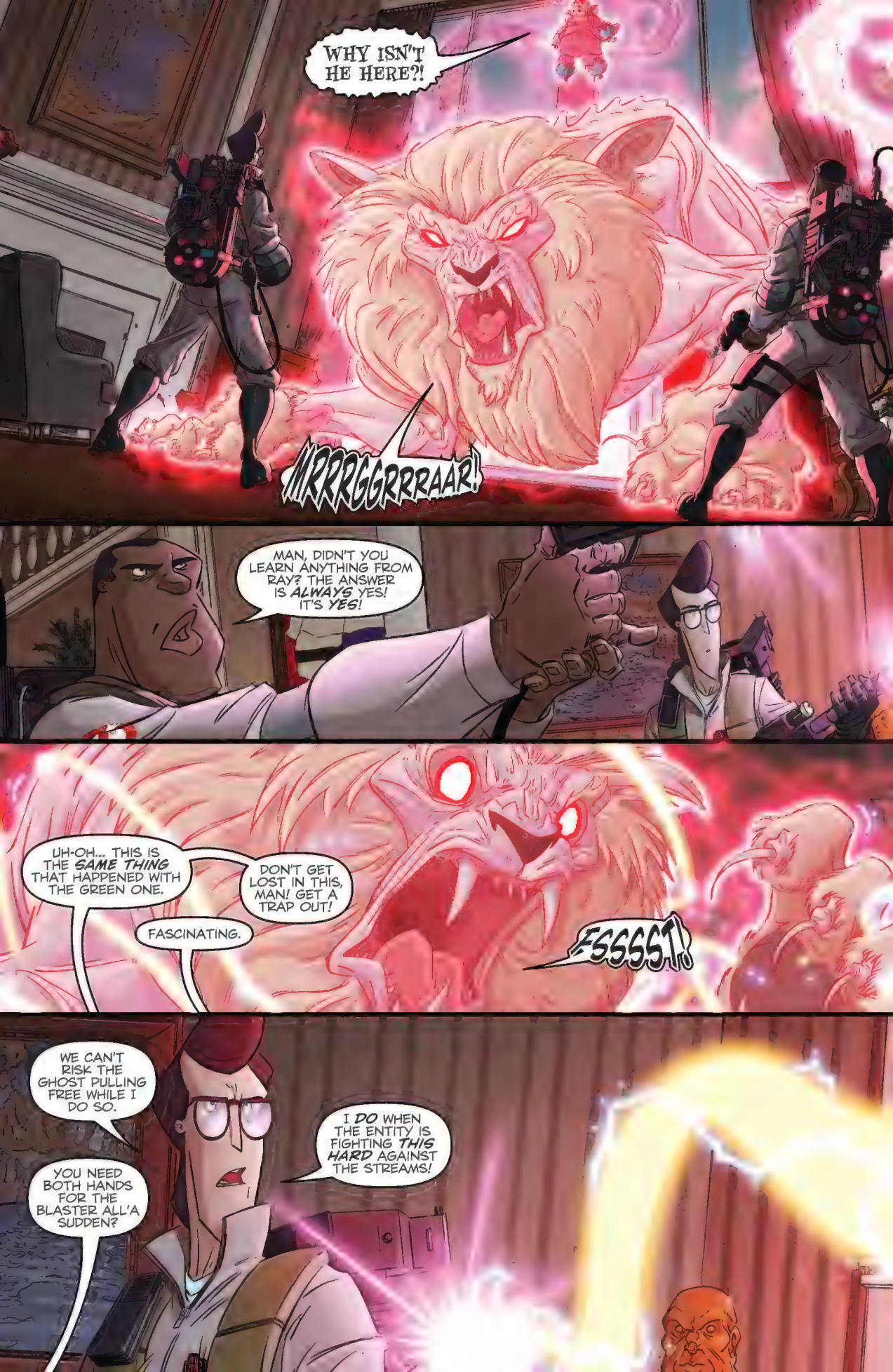
FAN ART BY **LUCY RYALL** (6 YEARS OLD)

LUCY RYALL
age 6

MASSAPEQUA, LONG ISLAND.
11:44 AM.
WE WERE ON A CALL TO THE ARBUTUS PLACE REST HOME.
WHAT IS TAKING THEM SO LONG? I'M MISSING MY STORIES.
OH, WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR STUPID SOAPS, GLADYS? I COULD BE PLAYING BRIDGE RIGHT NOW.
MANIFESTATIONS IN SUCH PLACES ARE NOT VERY COMMON, BUT WHEN THEY DO OCCUR, IN MY EXPERIENCE, THEY'RE GENERALLY QUITE PASSIVE—WHICH WAS NOT THE CASE HERE, ACCORDING TO THE MANAGER.
WOWEE, THERE IS A LOT OF BROWN IN THIS PLACE.
YEAH, WE'LL HAVE TO PUT 'EM IN TOUCH WITH A GOOD INTERIOR DECORATOR OR SOMETHING. LET'S JUST GET THE JOB DONE FOR NOW.
WHY, YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU?
YEAH, IT SMELLS LIKE FEET IN HERE, RAY. AND HAND LOTION. I MAY NEVER FORGET THE COMBINATION, AND THAT PETRIFIES ME.
EGON? HAVE YOU SPOTTED IT YET?
CHK—NOT YET, RAY. IT SEEMS TO BE EXPLOITING A CHAOTIC EVASIVE PATTERN.
COULD BE IT'S JUST CONFUSED.

THAT'S A POSSIBILITY, TOO, RAY. KEEP US POSTED.
MY SON?
WHERE'S MY SON?
CONTACT. WESTERN WING. BETTER GET OVER HERE.
CHK-GOTCHA! THREAT LEVEL? IS IT AS VIOLENT AS THE MANAGER SAID?
UNDETERMINED.
ARE YOU MY SON?
MRRROW!
PURR...

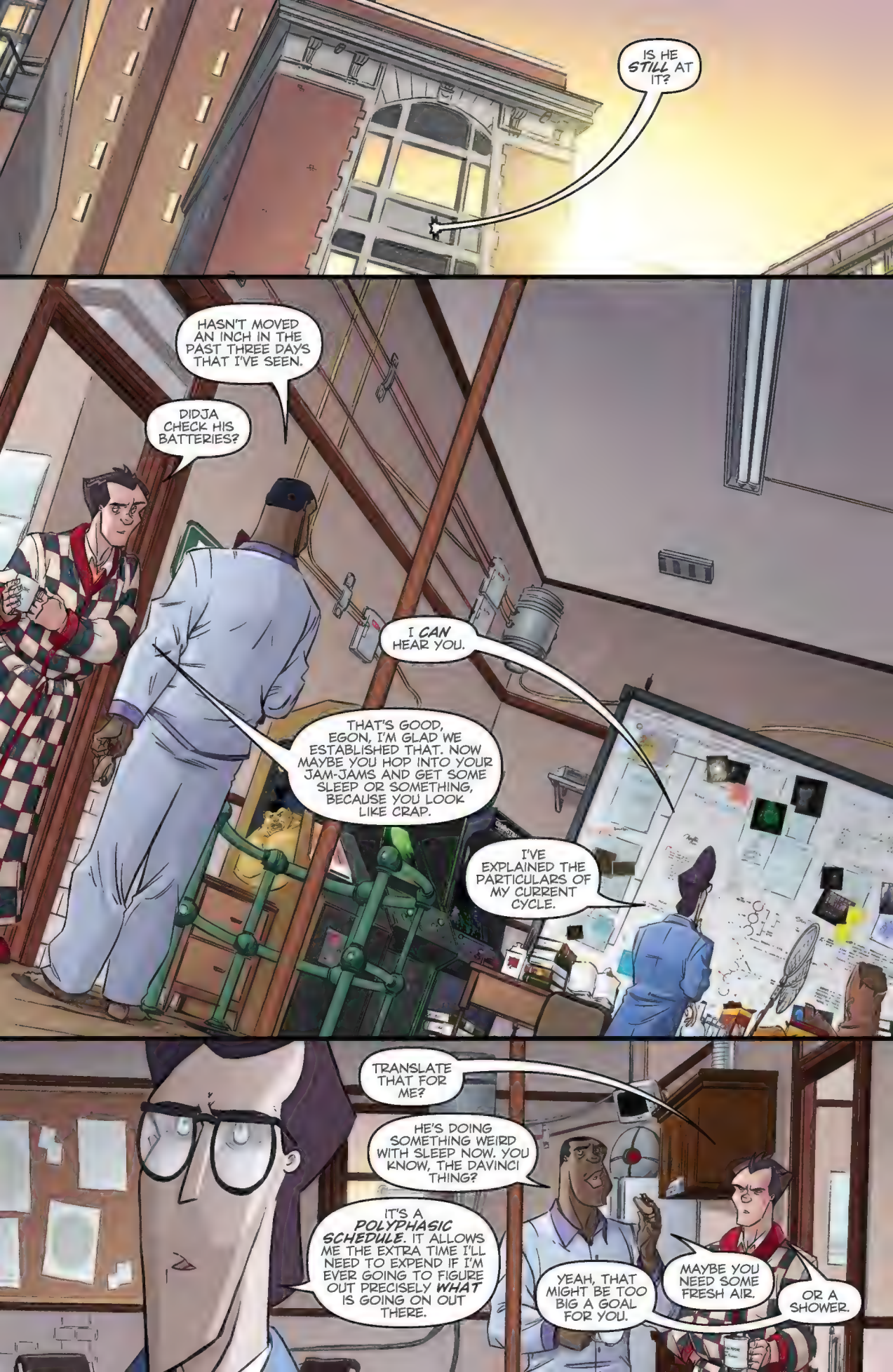
YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO VISIT, ALEXANDER. I'VE BEEN WAITING.
QUITE OBVIOUSLY, MA'AM, NEITHER OF US IS YOUR SON.
HE'S NOT HERE?
HE'S NOT HERE?!
NRRRRAAAAAAAARRGH!
FSSSSST!


WHY ISN'T HE HERE?!
MRRRGGRRRAAR!
MAN, DIDN'T YOU LEARN ANYTHING FROM RAY? THE ANSWER IS ALWAYS YES! IT'S YES!
UH-OH... THIS IS THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED WITH THE GREEN ONE.
DON'T GET LOST IN THIS, MAN! GET A TRAP OUT!
FASCINATING.
FSSSST!
WE CAN'T RISK THE GHOST PULLING FREE WHILE I DO SO.
YOU NEED BOTH HANDS FOR THE BLASTER ALL'A SUDDEN?
I DO WHEN THE ENTITY IS FIGHTING THIS HARD AGAINST THE STREAMS!

I *UNH* THOUGHT YOU UPPED THE JUICE ON THE BEAMS TO COMPENSATE FOR THIS KINDA THING!
MY SON SAID HE'D COME AND WE'D PLAY CRIBBAGE!
WELL, IT ISN'T AN *EXACT* SCIENCE.
FRRZZZ
SHZZZZKK
DANGER
NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE?!
FSSH
ROAAAR!
SNK
CLAK

BUT HE PROMISSSEEEEDDDD...
MRROAR?
EGON, EGON, EGON... YOU HAVE REALLY GOT TO STOP LETTING DEAD OLD LADIES FROM LONG ISLAND THROW TANTRUMS IN YOUR GENERAL DIRECTION.
WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER ONE DOWN. AND WE DIDN'T EVEN SCORCH THE CARPET!
IT'S PUCE, RAY— SOME CHARRING MIGHT'VE BEEN AN IMPROVEMENT.
OH, NEVER MAKE ASSUMPTIONS. IT COULD BE DANGEROUS.
I HATE THE SAD ONES. BET IF HER SON HAD SHOWN UP SHE'D'A BEEN AT PEACE.
SPEAKING OF DANGEROUS, YOU BOYS WERE A LITTLE WEAK IN THE STREAMS. NO ONE SHOULD HAVE THAT MUCH TROUBLE WITH THE SPECTRAL CONSTRUCT OF A LESSER MANIFESTATION.
UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, WE WOULDN'T HAVE...

...BUT THE AMBIENT PKE IS STILL HIGHLY MAGNIFIED. I CAN EVEN GET A SIGNAL ON THE ONE IN THE TRAP.
THAT WAS MY FIRST HYPOTHESIS, YES.
I THOUGHT THAT OUR WORKING THEORY WAS THAT THE SURGE WAS TIED TO GOZER'S RECENT ATTEMPT TO CHANGE INCARNATIONS, AND ANY ANOMALIES TO THAT ENERGY SIGNATURE WAS DUE TO THE NEWLY FORMED PRESENCE OF IDULNAS?
THAT SAID, WHENEVER WE'VE FACED SOMETHING LARGE ENOUGH TO ENHANCE THE NATURAL LEVELS OF THE PSYCHOKINETIC FIELD, WE'VE NOTICED AN IMMEDIATE DROP ONCE THAT ENTITY WAS DISPELLED OR CONTAINED.
BUT NOT NOW?
NO. NOT NOW.
FROM THAT WE CAN ONLY CONCLUDE THAT THIS SPIKE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH GOZER OR ANYTHING CONNECTED TO IT. WORSE, IT'S FAR MORE POTENT.
SO... WHERE DO YOU THINK ALL THE EXTRA JUICE IS COMING FROM?
THAT'S JUST IT... I DON'T KNOW.
BUT I WILL FIND OUT.


IS HE STILL AT IT?
HASN'T MOVED AN INCH IN THE PAST THREE DAYS THAT I'VE SEEN.
DIDJA CHECK HIS BATTERIES?
I CAN HEAR YOU.
THAT'S GOOD, EGON, I'M GLAD WE ESTABLISHED THAT. NOW MAYBE YOU HOP INTO YOUR JAM-JAMS AND GET SOME SLEEP OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE CRAP.
I'VE EXPLAINED THE PARTICULARS OF MY CURRENT CYCLE.
TRANSLATE THAT FOR ME?
HE'S DOING SOMETHING WEIRD WITH SLEEP NOW. YOU KNOW, THE DAVINCI THING?
IT'S A POLYPHASIC SCHEDULE. IT ALLOWS ME THE EXTRA TIME I'LL NEED TO EXPEND IF I'M EVER GOING TO FIGURE OUT PRECISELY WHAT IS GOING ON OUT THERE.
YEAH, THAT MIGHT BE TOO BIG A GOAL FOR YOU.
MAYBE YOU NEED SOME FRESH AIR.
OR A SHOWER.

EVENTUALLY, I HAD TO CONCEDE THAT MY RESEARCH WAS AT AN EFFECTIVE STANDSTILL.
I DECIDED THAT PERHAPS A CHANGE OF VENUE—AND SOME MINDLESS PHYSICAL ACTIVITY—WOULD STIMULATE THE ASSORTED CHEMICAL PROCESSES IN MY BODY NECESSARY FOR AN INSPIRATION.
DELGADO'S
I RAN FOR SIX MILES, WHICH LEFT ME WITH ONLY A SLIGHT ACHE IN MY LEFT ILIACUS AND NO BREAKTHROUGHS FOR MY TROUBLE.
MY INABILITY TO PIN DOWN THE SOURCE OF THE SURGE IN THE PKE FIELD WAS HIGHLY FRUSTRATING. WORSE, THE LONGER THE SURGE CONTINUED, THE LESS EFFECTIVE OUR PACKS AND TRAPS WERE LIKELY TO BECOME IN PRACTICE.
SCHLIK
OW.
IF ONLY THERE WAS A *LEAD*. SOMETHING THAT STOOD OUT AS MORE ODD THAN USUAL, SOMETHING THAT COULD... WAIT.
EUREKA.

THE STREET CORNER FROM A WEEK AGO, WHERE I THOUGHT I SAW... HIM. THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOSE—IF MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, I COULD BE BACK ON THE TRAIL.
EGON? EGON!
I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE GOING TO BE HERE TODAY!
EXTEMPORANEOUS DECISION. LOOK, I HAVE TO BE GOI—
ISN'T THIS PLACE FANTASTIC? I KNOW PETER HATES IT, BUT THE RACQUETBALL COURTS ON THE SECOND LEVEL ARE JUST...
AHEM.
OH! WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? DOCTOR EGON SPENGLER, THIS IS ROGER BAUGH. ROGER IS...
...REALLY EMBARRASSED THAT WE HAVEN'T BEEN INTRODUCED SOONER. TWINKLE HAS TOLD ME SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, I FEEL LIKE WE'RE OLD FRIENDS.
"TWINKLE"?
MY LITTLE PET NAME FOR JANINE. SHE ALWAYS GETS THIS LITTLE TWINKLE IN HER EYE WHEN—
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
WELL... UH... NICE MEETING YOU, DOCTOR!

DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
DON'T MIND HIM. HE WAS PROBABLY THINKING OF SOMETHING ELSE. HE DOES THAT. A LOT.
SOME DAYS AGO I'D SEEN AN OLD COLLEGE FRIEND—EUGENE VISITOR—ON A STREET CORNER NEAR DELGADO'S. I WAS SURE OF IT. HE WAS HALE AND HEARTY AND LOOKED NO OLDER THAN WHEN WE LAST SAW EACH OTHER.
EUGENE WAS HIT BY A CAR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO. BEFORE THE DRIVER COULD EVEN GET OUT OF THE CAR, EUGENE'S BODY VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE.
IT'S ONE OF SEVERAL EVENTS THAT GOT ME INTERESTED IN SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA.
SEEING EUGENE AT THE SAME TIME AS AN ONGOING SURGE IN THE AMBIENT PKE FIELD... IT COULD NOT BE A COINCIDENCE.
CHK
I DON'T BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCES.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
AFTER SEVERAL INCONCLUSIVE SCANS, HOWEVER, I WAS READY TO START.
NYC LAW SPEED LIMIT 30
CASEY J'S Coffee and Books
BUT THEN...
PING
PING PING PING
CASEY J'S Coffee
CASEY J'S Coffee and Books
♫
THWAM
I NEED TO GET TO JERSEY!

I DON'T THINK ANYONE REALLY NEEDS TO GET TO JERSEY, EGON. NOT UNLESS YOU KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T.
THERE'S NO TIME... I MAY HAVE FOUND A LEAD.
HEY, MAN, JUST WAIT A SECOND AND I'LL COME—
BREOW BREOW BREOW
SCRREEEEOW
ANY IDEA WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT?
GOD, NO.

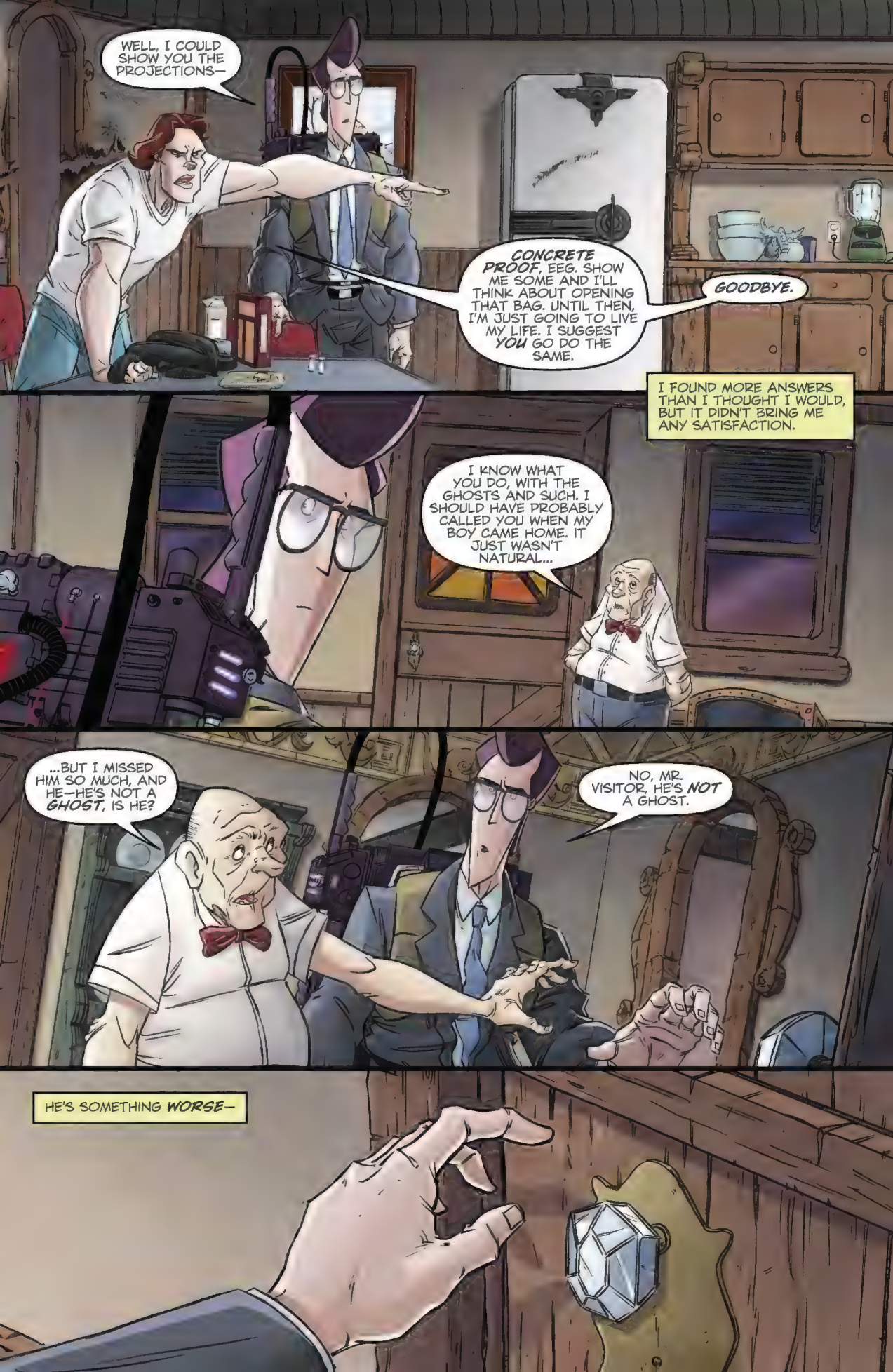
BELLEVILLE, NJ
TRIBECA, NY
CALL JL5-2020
KNOCK KNOCK
YES? WHY, EGON! EGON SPENGLER! IT'S BEEN FOREVER!
HELLO, MR. VISITOR. I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN BY IN A WHILE. IS YOUR SON HERE BY ANY CHANCE?
EUGENE? EGON, YOU KNOW HE DISAPP—
POP?
EUGENE, AH... HE'S IN THE KITCHEN. YOU REMEMBER WHERE IT IS?
MM.
HEY, POP? WHO'S OUT THERE?

ONE... TWO...
...THREE!
SHRRZZZZZK
HO-LEE CRAP! POP'S GONNA HAVE KITTENS WHEN HE SEES THAT.
BUT IT WAS AWESOME.
EEG! BUDDY! MAN, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!
C'MERE, PAL! GIMME A HUG!
I DON'T THINK SO.
WHAT ARE YOU?
I DUNNO... PART POLISH, PART IRISH. MAYBE SOME GREEK IN THERE.
I SAW EUGENE VISITOR GET HIT BY A CAR. HE'S DEAD.
NOOO, NOT EXACTLY. THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAW.

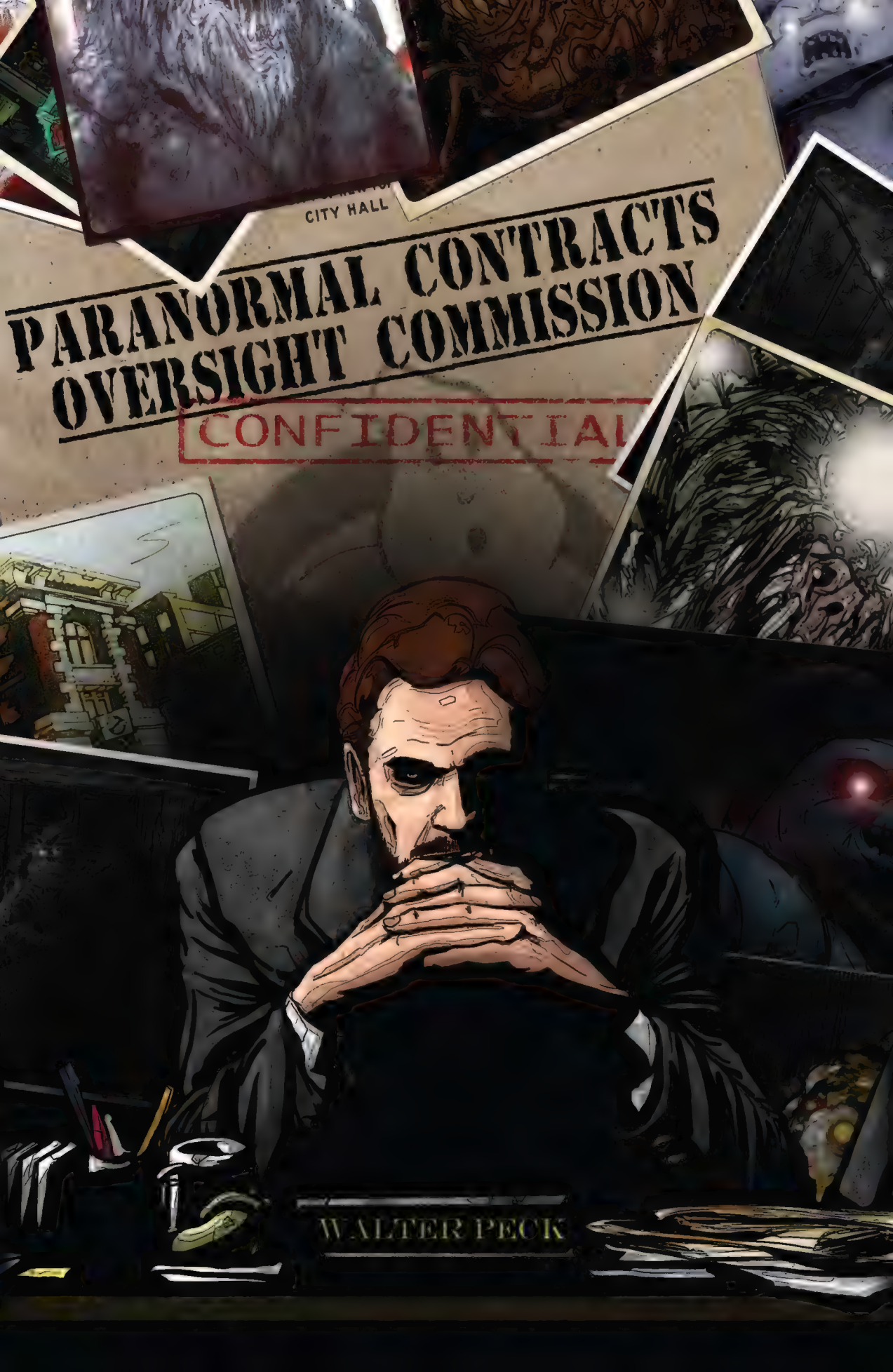
"WHAT YOU SAW WAS ME PUT A NASTY DENT INTO THE GRILLE OF SOME SCHMUCK'S CAR.
"IT WAS BAD, YEAH. FATAL? FOR SURE.
Wagner's
"I MEAN, I EVEN SAW DEATH.
"FUNNY THING IS, MY WHOLE LIFE DIDN'T GO FLASHING BEFORE MY EYES LIKE THEY SAY IT DOES. ONLY ONE THING POPPED TO MIND—MY HOMEWORK. THE PAPER ON RUSSIAN FOLKLORE."
H-HEY, DEATH...
...GET IN MY BAG.

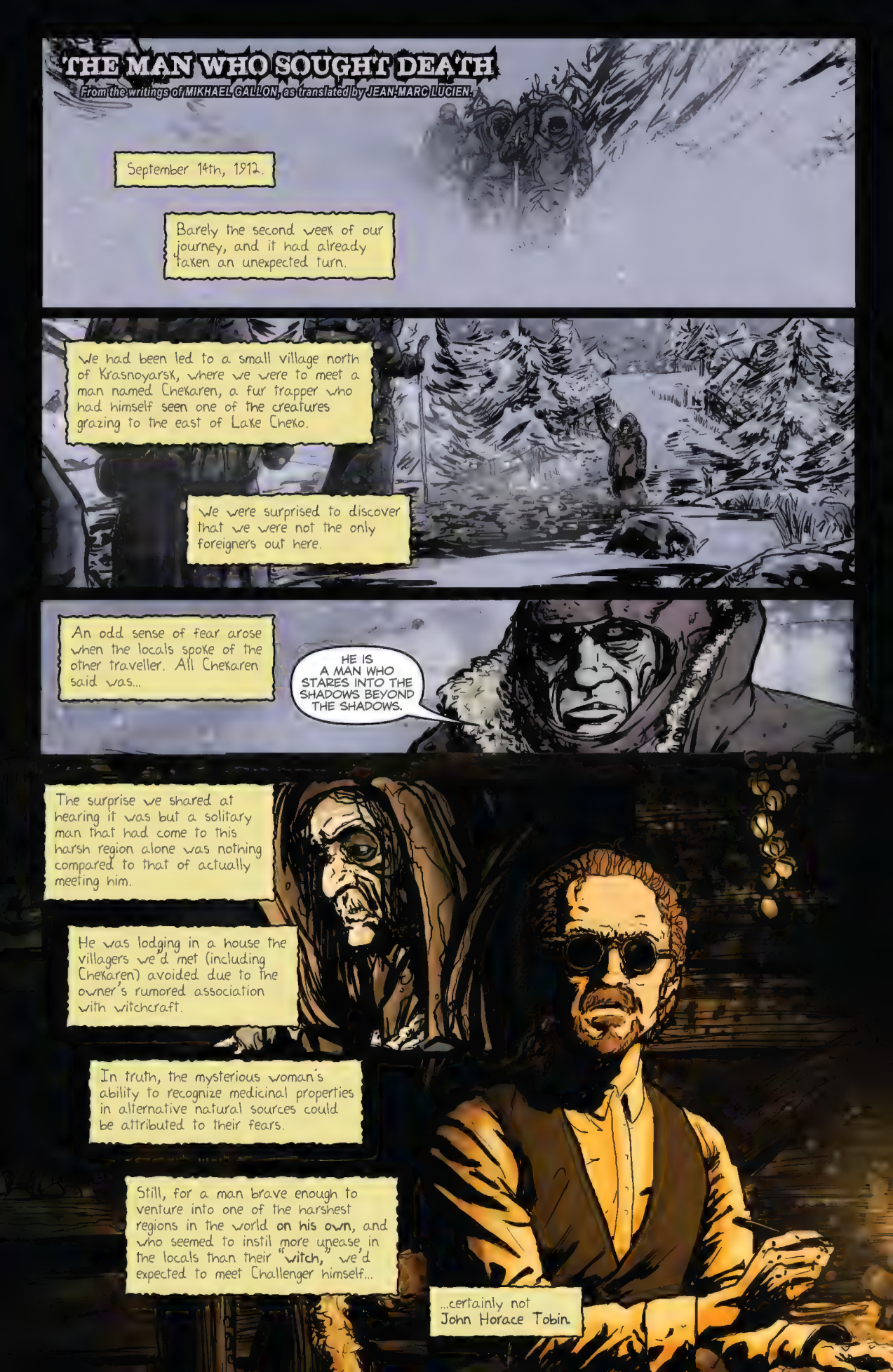
YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?
C'MON, EEG. POP CAUGHT ME UP. HE TOLD ME WHAT YOU DO FOR A LIVING NOW... YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME THAT THIS IS THE WEIRDEST THING YOU EVER CAME ACROSS?
NO, THAT INVOLVED AN EMU.
LOOK, THE STORY DOESN'T HOLD UP. YOU WERE HIT BY A CAR AND YOU VANISHED, CAPTURED DEATH, AND REAPPEARED IN THE PRESENT?
TEMPORAL MECHANICS, MAN. IT'S A WACKY THING.
YOU CAN'T HAVE CAPTURED DEATH. PEOPLE ARE STILL DYING. IT DOESN'T MAKE RATIONAL SENSE.
WELL OF COURSE THEY'RE STILL DYING, EEG. BODIES STILL BREAK DOWN AND ALL. THEY'RE JUST NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE ONCE THEY DO. MUST GIVE YOU A BOOST IN BUSINESS, HUH?
YOU'RE THE CAUSE.
I THOUGHT MAYBE FINDING YOU WOULD GIVE ME A CLUE AS TO WHAT WAS CAUSING THE SPIKE IN PKE, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT...
THE SPIKE IN THE WHAT?
YOU'RE DISRUPTING THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS—

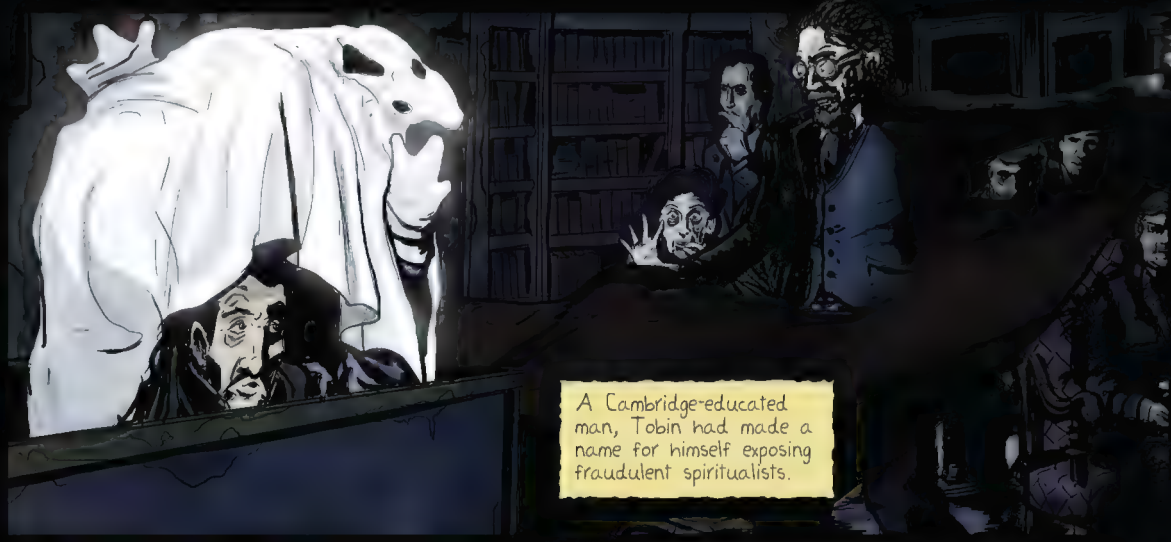
—AND I CAN'T —NNNGH— LET YOU...
...HFFFFFT!
YEAH, THAT'S NOT GONNA WORK, EEG. I'M PRETTY SURE I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN OPEN IT.
WELL, THEN OPEN IT! DON'T YOU SEE? ALL THIS EXTRA SPIRITUAL ENERGY IS GOING TO WREAK HAVOC ON THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE IF THINGS AREN'T REVERSED!
THE EFFECTS COULD BE CATASTROPHIC!
EUGENE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU. I CAN'T PRETEND TO BELIEVE YOU CAPTURED DEATH ITSELF, BUT I CAN BELIEVE YOU SOMEHOW TRAPPED AN ENTITY THAT SIPHONS EXCESS PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY FROM THIS DIMENSIONAL PLANE.
YOU NEED TO LET IT BACK OUT.
WHY, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GETTING TIRED OF CLOCKING OVERTIME IN YOUR LITTLE GHOST-HUNTING JOB?
LOOK, I DIDN'T DESERVE TO GET HIT BY THAT CAR, EGON. I DESERVED TO LIVE MY LIFE. ENJOY COLLEGE, SCREW AROUND, AND THEN FIND A JOB THAT DOESN'T PAY WHAT I'M WORTH.
AND ORANGE JUICE. I DESERVE ORANGE JUICE.
WELL, I GOT A SECOND CHANCE AND I AM NOT GONNA GIVE IT UP.
ALL OF THAT PSYCHOKIMUCKY MUCK CRAP YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT? IT'S NOT DOING ANYTHING BAD TO PEOPLE, IS IT?

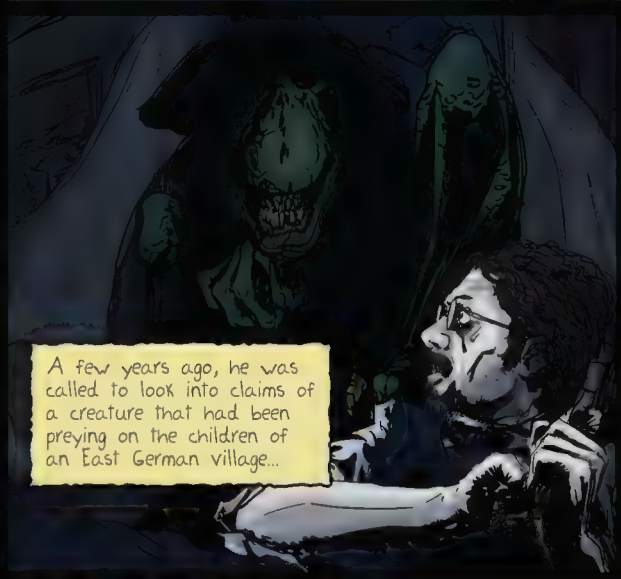

WELL, I COULD SHOW YOU THE PROJECTIONS—
CONCRETE PROOF, EEG. SHOW ME SOME AND I'LL THINK ABOUT OPENING THAT BAG. UNTIL THEN, I'M JUST GOING TO LIVE MY LIFE. I SUGGEST YOU GO DO THE SAME.
GOODBYE.
I FOUND MORE ANSWERS THAN I THOUGHT I WOULD, BUT IT DIDN'T BRING ME ANY SATISFACTION.
I KNOW WHAT YOU DO, WITH THE GHOSTS AND SUCH. I SHOULD HAVE PROBABLY CALLED YOU WHEN MY BOY CAME HOME. IT JUST WASN'T NATURAL...
...BUT I MISSED HIM SO MUCH, AND HE—HE'S NOT A GHOST, IS HE?
NO, MR. VISITOR, HE'S NOT A GHOST.
HE'S SOMETHING WORSE—

—HE'S A PROBLEM THAT I CAN'T SOLVE.
YET.
NEXT: HAUNTED AMERICA!

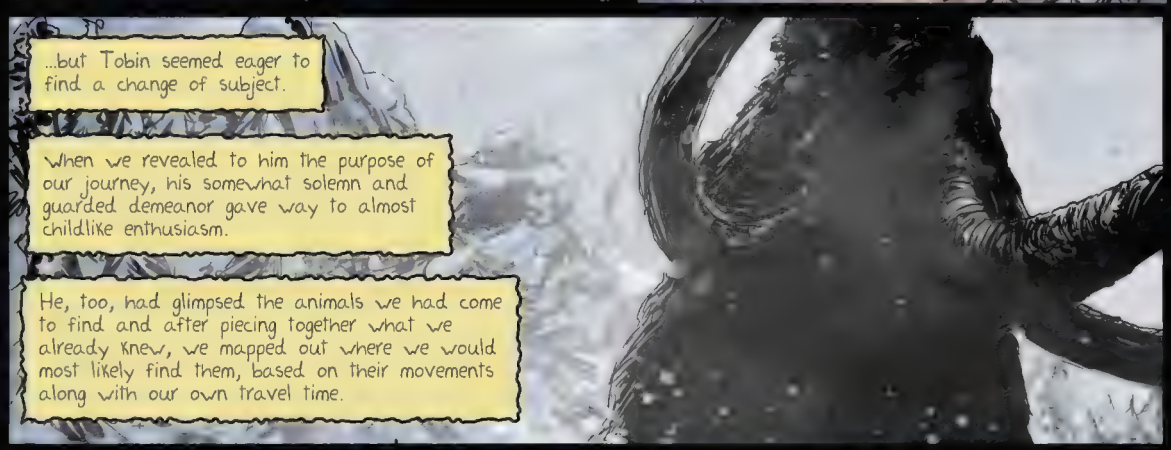

CITY HALL
PARANORMAL CONTRACTS
OVERSIGHT COMMISSION
CONFIDENTIAL
WALTER PECK


THE MAN WHO SOUGHT DEATH
From the writings of MIKHAEL GALLON, as translated by JEAN-MARC LUCIEN.
September 14th, 1912.
Barely the second week of our journey, and it had already taken an unexpected turn.
We had been led to a small village north of Krasnoyarsk, where we were to meet a man named Chekaren, a fur trapper who had himself seen one of the creatures grazing to the east of Lake Cheko.
We were surprised to discover that we were not the only foreigners out here.
An odd sense of fear arose when the locals spoke of the other traveller. All Chekaren said was...
HE IS A MAN WHO STARES INTO THE SHADOWS BEYOND THE SHADOWS.
The surprise we shared at hearing it was but a solitary man that had come to this harsh region alone was nothing compared to that of actually meeting him.
He was lodging in a house the villagers we'd met (including Chekaren) avoided due to the owner's rumored association with witchcraft.
In truth, the mysterious woman's ability to recognize medicinal properties in alternative natural sources could be attributed to their fears.
Still, for a man brave enough to venture into one of the harshest regions in the world **on his own**, and who seemed to instil more unease in the locals than their "**witch**," we'd expected to meet Challenger himself...
...certainly not John Horace Tobin.


A Cambridge-educated man, Tobin had made a name for himself exposing fraudulent spiritualists.


A few years ago, he was called to look into claims of a creature that had been preying on the children of an East German village...

...and had journeyed to Russia to meet with Vladimir Belascu, in the Tunguska region just north of our then-current location.
We had heard something terrible happened...


...but Tobin seemed eager to find a change of subject.
When we revealed to him the purpose of our journey, his somewhat solemn and guarded demeanor gave way to almost childlike enthusiasm.
He, too, had glimpsed the animals we had come to find and after piecing together what we already knew, we mapped out where we would most likely find them, based on their movements along with our own travel time.

Tobin would accompany us, as he himself was travelling further into Siberia for his own research.
Days went by as we travelled further into the heart of Siberia, and we had not yet come across even a trace of the mammoth, and I began to find myself curious as to what it was Tobin was hoping to find further on.
He recounted to me an old Russian folktale.

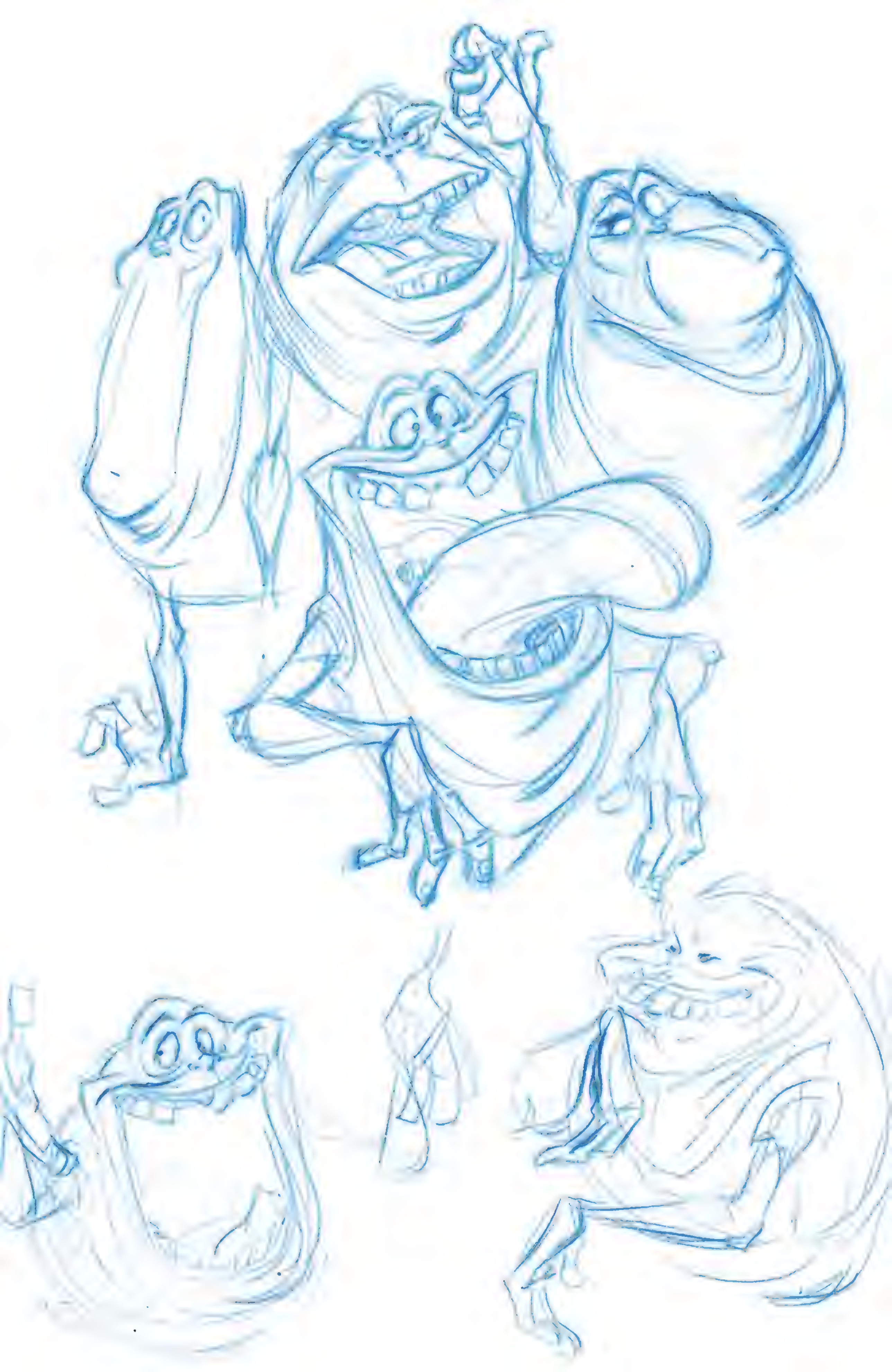
Russia was at war.
A soldier was returning home from battle and nearing the tail end of his long journey when his supplies began to dwindle.
He met a strange man begging by the side of the road.
Ever the generous type, and with not a coin on him, the soldier offered his last ration to the strange man.
Seeing the selfless generosity of the soldier, the man gave the soldier his only possession...
...a sack the beggar claimed could catch and hold any creature its owner commanded.
Before the soldier could thank him, the stranger mysteriously vanished!
The soldier used the sack to catch animals to feed himself...
...and eventually to help others, becoming a wealthy man, loved by all.
One night, in an attempt to turn the tide of the war, a sorcerer from the west unleashed all the fury of the underworld...
...including Death itself!

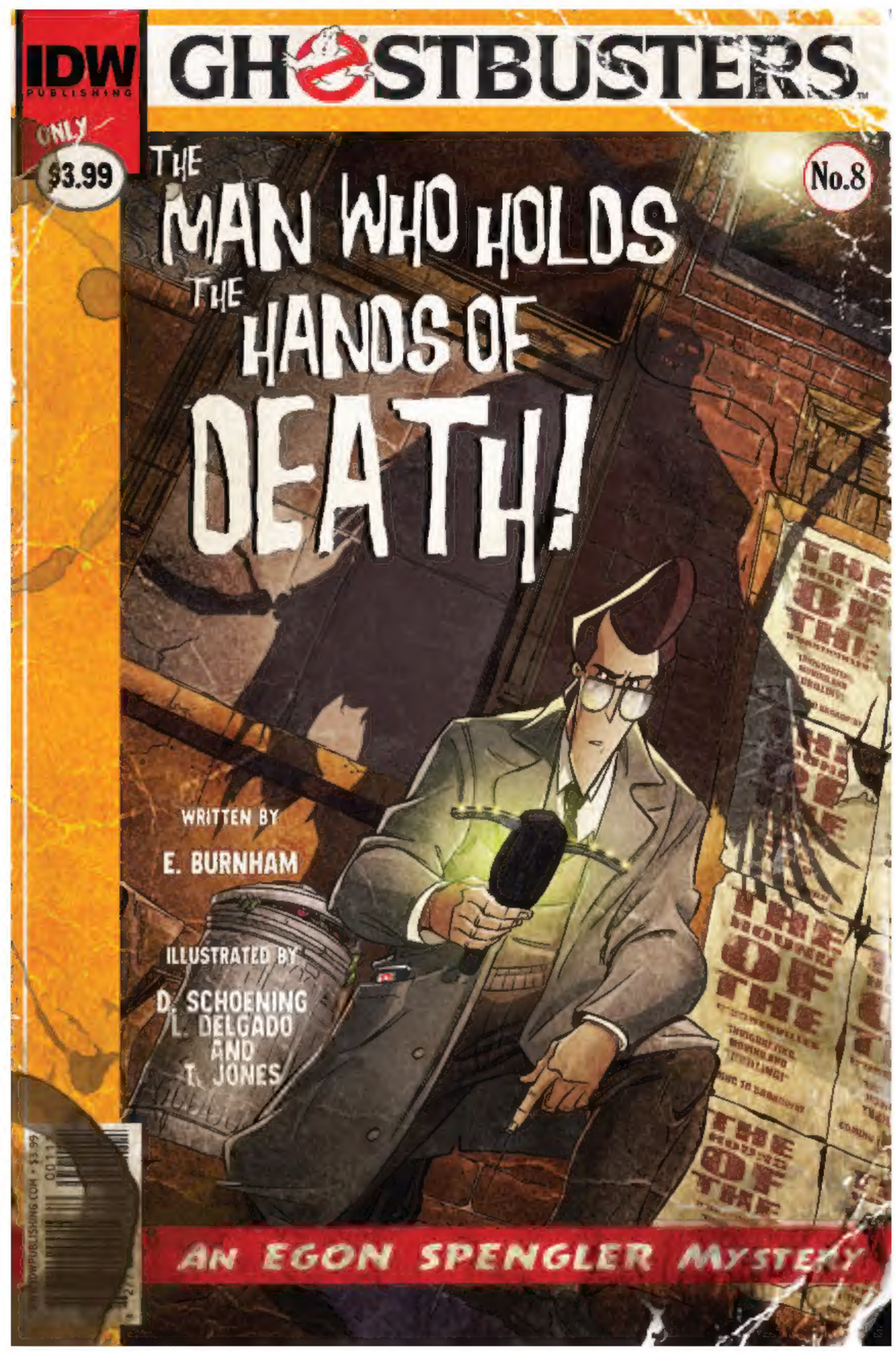
But the soldier had a plan and bravely set out to find Death and trap it in the sack.
With Death trapped and at his mercy, the soldier was invincible, and drove the evil horde back to the underworld.
But time eventually caught up with the soldier and though his body could not die, it aged and he fell terribly ill.
Sickly and weak, the soldier asked Death to take him from this life to the next, but Death cursed him for trapping him...
...and the soldier was left to wander the earth, ever sick but unable to die, and vowed never to use the sack again.
Asking him the importance of such a tale, Tobin replied:
EVERY MYTH, EVERY LEGEND AND FAIRYTALE, EVERY TALL TALE GROWS FROM SOMETIMES THE TINIEST SEEDS OF TRUTH, MY FRIEND.
I was all too familiar with the notion, but the story itself and his response had planted a seed of its own.

Did Tobin's journey have something to do with the Carpathian? He'd recalled evidence of his existence, cited by the renowned historian Leon Zundinger.
Perhaps it was the soldier, whose existence may also have been possible based on a number of Russian texts?
It was not until the discovery of an old tower, nestled deep within the mountains, that it became clear.
Our company was in need of rest, so we took shelter inside, but just as his demeanor had changed back in the village nights earlier, Tobin had suddenly become very rigid and alert.
He had been documenting everything from the moment we laid eyes on the structure and insisted on caution as we approached it, yet there was an odd fearlessness to him.
The tower was less welcoming than we'd have liked.
Even the dust wouldn't settle.
Tobin had taken immediately to exploring the tower and had been gone for some time before reappearing, taking me quietly aside...
I THINK YOU SHOULD COME AND SEE THIS.

GOOD LORD...
Sure enough, it was Tobin's fabled soldier, and further study by historians and folklorists in time to come would prove it.
But what troubled me most was not the living discovery of a mythical soldier...
...nor was it the supposedly mystical sack he clung to.
It was Tobin
Gazing not at the profound discovery before us... but something else.

What was it he saw in there with us...?
DEATH.
THE END.





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THIS CITY IS HEADED FOR A DISASTER OF BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "BIBLICAL"?
WHAT HE MEANS IS OLD TESTAMENT, MR. MAYOR, REAL WRATH OF GOD TYPE STUFF.
EXACTLY.
FIRE AND BRIMSTONE COMING DOWN FROM THE SKIES! RIVERS AND SEAS BOILING!
FORTY YEARS OF DARKNESS! EARTHQUAKES, VOLCANOES...
THE DEAD RISING FROM THE GRAVE!
HUMAN SACRIFICE, DOGS AND CATS LIVING TOGETHER...
MASS HYSTERIA!
STANTZ
And MASS HYSTERIA is just the beginning!
THANKS TO A SIGNED CONTRACT, WALTER PECK HAS THE GHOSTBUSTERS TEMPORARILY BARRED FROM TAKING ON ANY WORK IN NYC WITHOUT HIS EXPRESS PERMISSION. NEVER ONES TO LET PECK STAND IN THEIR WAY, THEY SKIRT HIS EDICT AND TAKE A JOB UPSTATE IN SCHENECTADY. IT'S JUST A SIMPLE HAUNTED AMUSEMENT PARK—WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?
ALSO INCLUDES THE SHORT STORY, "THE MAN WHO SOUGHT DEATH."
ORIGINAL